

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 14, 1956

★

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B.F. Goodrich *Life-Saver* Silvertown



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDUCATING
YOUR DOG
AT HOME



Cover:
Patricia Meisbell and friend ▶

How to transform the new puppy from demon to delight—and how to enjoy doing it—is explained step by step in text and drawings. The first of two parts begins on page 35.

Drawing by Daniel Schwartz

Next week



▶ This towheaded 14-year-old swimmer Chris Von Saltza, whose shapely form is already cutting quite a swath through U.S. records, Richard Pollard examines her winning ways.

▶ Four pages of sparkling color showing those sprightly, fun-but-wet surfboards with sub—the Salfish—so they skim like many-colored leaves down choppy Wicwassee Lake.

▶ Remember canasta? Well, if you don't, Charles Goren will refresh your memory and also present joker canasta, which is an exciting and jazzed-up version of the original game.

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COMING EVENTS

July 11 to July 20

- ★ **JOKE-INS**
- ★ **Celeb. Interviews**
- ★ **National radio**
- ★ **At 10:30 & 11:30 except where otherwise noted**

Friday, July 11

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Boston Red Sox vs Chicago White Sox, Boston, 7:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
Gusit Ortega vs Mickey Cusack, welter-weight, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Traverse
J. S. Burpee-Winters (w), \$20,000, Woburn, N.Y., 10 p.m. ABC
The Transamerica race, \$10,000, Haverhill, N.Y.
- ★ **TRACK & FIELD**
British AAA Championships, White City Stadium, London also July 12

Saturday, July 12

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Boston Red Sox vs Chicago White Sox, Boston, 1:30 p.m. NBC
- ★ **New York Yankees vs Cleveland Indians**, New York, 1:30 p.m. CBS
- ★ **Chicago Cubs vs Philadelphia Phillies**, Chicago, 1:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
Joe Hansen-Mackenzie Boxing Hall, 10 rds., East Boston, Mich.
America's 1st, Preliminary Trials, Newport, R.I. through July 15
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Hollywood Hall of Fame, \$100,000, 5-year-olds and up, 11 a.m., Hollywood Park, Calif. 1:30 p.m. P.D.T. Pacific Network, CBS regional TV, 3:30 p.m. NBC radio
Warren Wough Memorial, \$75,000, 3-year-olds and up, 11 a.m., Arlington Park, Ill.
Dickensy Oaks, \$75,000, 3-year-olds (w), 11 a.m., Belmont Park, N.Y. 1:30 p.m. CBS-TV, 3:30 p.m. NBC radio
W. J. McManus Park, N.J. 4:30 p.m. NBC-TV
Traverse
- ★ **Swedish Special Harvest Race**, Stockholm, N.Y., 10:30 a.m. NBC
- ★ **SHOOTING**
Zemke-Opa Stoddins Rifle Tournament, Adams also July 13

Sunday, July 13

- ★ **BASEBALL**
New York Yankees vs Chicago White Sox, New York, 1:45 p.m. CBS
- ★ **Boston Red Sox vs Cleveland Indians**, Boston, 2 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
International Boxing, unadvised, London, July 10 (Sat), Mich. (also July 11)
- ★ **TENNIS**
U.S. Open, Forest Hills and New York City Court Championships (end day), St. Louis

Monday, July 14

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Boston Red Sox vs Detroit Tigers, Baltimore, 1:50 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **Chicago Cubs vs St. Louis Cardinals**, St. Louis, 8:30 p.m. NBC
- ★ **BOXING**
Coke Championships, Long Island Sound, N.Y. through July 15
International Boxing Competition, Danbury, Conn., also July 15
- ★ **TENNIS**
U.S. Open, Forest Hills, 4 Championships, Chicago through July 20
U.S. Open, Forest Hills, 4 Championships, Chicago through July 20

Tuesday, July 15

- ★ **BASEBALL**
New York Yankees vs Detroit Tigers, New York, 1:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **FISHING**
Deep Sea Round-up, Port Aransas, Texas through July 15

WEDNESDAY

Stoke River Stampede, St. George, Tennessee, through July 15

Wednesday, July 16

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Chicago Cubs vs Cincinnati Redlegs, Cincinnati, 2:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
Tommy Hareless vs. Mike Hays, British Empire, 10 rds., 10 p.m. ABC
- ★ **GOLF**
PGA Championships, Riverfront, Pa. through July 20
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Hollywood Hall of Fame, \$100,000, 5-year-olds, 11 a.m., Arlington Park, Ill. 1:30 p.m. CBS
The America, \$20,000, 3-year-olds (w), 11 a.m., Jamaica, N.Y.
Traverse
- ★ **Empire Training Center**, \$20,000, C. Green, N.Y.

Thursday, July 17

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Chicago Cubs vs Cincinnati Redlegs, Cincinnati, 2:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **GOLF**
Beverly Hills Invitation for Women, \$7,500, Los Angeles, Ca. through July 20
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Traverse
The New American, 3-year-olds (w), 11 a.m., Arlington Park, Ill. 1:30 p.m. CBS
Empire Training Center, \$20,000, C. Green, N.Y.

FRIDAY

California Radio, \$25,000, Schenck, Calif. through July 21

Friday, July 18

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Chicago Cubs vs Milwaukee Braves, Chicago, 7:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
Lodi, Kansas vs. Bobby Sealing, light-weight, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
- ★ **SHOOTING**
AAA Senior Symposium Championships, Houston through July 20

Saturday, July 19

- ★ **ARMORY**
International Target Championships, Buenos Aires through July 20
- ★ **BASEBALL**
Boston Red Sox vs Detroit Tigers, Boston, 2 p.m. NBC
- ★ **Cincinnati Redlegs vs St. Louis Cardinals**, Cincinnati, 2:15 p.m. CBS
- ★ **New York Yankees vs Kansas City Athletics**, New York, 1:30 p.m. Mutual
- ★ **BOXING**
Lynchburg Race Week, Lynchburg, N.Y. through July 20
Michigan Race Week, Marquette, Mich. through July 20
Chicago-Milwaukee Island Boxing Hall, 10 rds.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
The Hawthorne, \$100,000, 3-year-olds, 11 a.m., Hollywood Park, Calif. 1:30 p.m. P.D.T. Pacific Network, CBS regional
Myersburg & Bonds, \$100,000, 3-year-olds and up, 11 a.m., Monmouth Park, N.J. 1:30 p.m. NBC
Laguardia Armory Memorial, \$75,000, 3-year-olds and up, 11 a.m. (all events), Arlington Park, Ill.
Dexter Handicap, \$75,000, 3-year-olds, 11 a.m., Jamaica, N.Y. 1:30 p.m. CBS
Michigan Mile, \$75,000, 3-year-olds and up, 11 a.m. Detroit Race Course (Traverse)
The Transamerica race, \$20,000, Woburn, N.Y.
- ★ **SHOOTING**
Tournament of Honor, St. Louis Championships, St. Louis also July 20
- ★ **TENNIS**
U.S. Open, Forest Hills, 4 Championships, Forest Hills, N.Y. also July 20

Sunday, July 20

- ★ **ARVO RACING**
SARF Championships Race, 25 miles, Williams Grove, Pa.
- ★ **BASEBALL**
Boston Red Sox vs Cleveland Indians, Baltimore, 1:45 p.m. CBS
- ★ **Cincinnati Redlegs vs St. Louis Cardinals**, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. Mutual

See local listing

MEMO *from the publisher*



ONE PRETTY sure way to beat the heat of summer is to climb Mount McKinley. For any but the most expert of mountaineers, however, it is not a recommended way. In this opinion Woodrow Wilson Sayre probably now concurs. Four years ago this month the grandson of the President whose name he bears set forth with four companions to assault North America's highest peak. His training was minimal for one of mountaineering's supreme challenges. But it was, to put it mildly, considerably advanced when the expedition returned, in slightly fortuitous triumph, 25 days later.

Next week in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Sayre writes his account of the climb, which increased to 56 the number of persons who had reached the summit.

If there is a mountain which demands to be climbed "because it's there," this one is it. The colossi of the Himalayas and Andes rise from plateaus already far above sea level. McKinley, as James Ramsey Ullman describes it in *The Age of Mountaineering*, "soars up in one gigantic, unbroken sweep of rock and ice to its full height—3½ miles straight up from base to peak."

Climatewise, McKinley is about as cold as it comes. The Stuck Expedi-

tion left a minimum-thermometer in 1913. Later found, it had dropped to its -95° limit—testimonial to the "ice-box" part of what Seward was attacked for buying in 1857.

As a saga, McKinley has everything. For years Dr. Frederick Cook made a living by claiming to be its first conqueror. (But this was only a warmup for his later and just as fictional discovery of the North Pole.) A group of prospectors didn't believe him, and with a majestically unscientific approach tackled the mountain. Known to fame as the Sourdough Expedition, they more or less walked out of a Fairbanks saloon one day, marched up the mountain (by mistake reaching its north summit, 300 feet lower than the true summit), and then marched down again. Once more secure behind swinging doors, the team gave mainly the impression that it was a long time between drinks. During World War II the Army beat the mountain differently, almost by the numbers, and sent seven men to the top in one assault.

The expedition of which Sayre writes is somewhere between the Sourdoughs and the Army. Don't try doing it his way, but I think you'll enjoy reading about how he and his companions did it.

Harry Phillips

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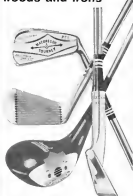
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George Bayer, 1957 Canadian Open Champion, member of MacGregor Advisory Staff at Chislehurst.

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Should you break tradition and talk about a no-hitter while it's still in the making?*



BOBBY BRAGAN
Manager
Cleveland Indians

It's a lot of malarkey. I take no stock in superstitions of this kind. The silly idea of not mentioning a no-hitter even goes into the dugout. Players are tense. No one dares say "no-hitter." If they joked about it they'd be more relaxed, play better and help the pitcher.



DICK DONOVAN
Attorney
Pelham, N.Y.

Even though it is a superstition, I would never mention a no-hitter. Furthermore, if I were a pitcher and someone shouted "no-hitter," I'd get sore. This is a baseball tradition. I wouldn't change it any more than I'd abolish the intentional base on balls.



CASEY STENGEL
Manager
New York Yankees

If I were a pitcher going into the ninth inning with a no-hitter, I'd like to be told about it. When I was managing Brooklyn, Dizzy Dean had a no-hitter in the ninth. Then we got two dinky singles. If someone had challenged Dizzy to pitch a no-hitter, he could have done it.



RED BARBER
Sports announcer
New York City

I don't hold with it. As a reporter I have no right to withhold the information. The closer the pitcher comes to a no-hitter, the more important it is to report it. I've telecast several no-hitters and never ignored the obvious. I admit I'm alone in this, but I never jinxed anyone.



DON LARSEN
Pitcher
New York Yankees

The tradition makes good conversation, but I have no superstition about it. If an announcer headcasts the progress of a no-hitter, I don't hear it. So how can it jinx me? Actually, the quiet in the dugout gets so deafening that I've wished they'd joke about it instead.



HERB SCORE
Pitcher
Cleveland Indians

I don't think it makes any difference. I've had no-hitters going into the ninth inning. I knew it. So did everyone else. In some cases, the aversion to mentioning a no-hitter builds up the tension and puts undue strain on the pitcher. If you're going to pitch a no-hitter, you'll pitch it.

continued

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NOTBOX continued



MORRIS McEMORE
Sports editor
Miami News

Of course you don't. Do you go around telling everybody you're getting a raise in pay? I broke the rule only once, in Atlanta, when Paul Richards was managing. Ed Miles, another newspaperman, was there and I thought he was going to kill me.



HENRY GARFINKLE
President, American
News and Union News
companies
New York City

Not mentioning a no-hitter has no actual bearing on the outcome of the game, but it is an old tradition associated with baseball, a conversation piece, and it adds color. I like the superstition. The silence makes the no-hitter seem more important.



BASIL (MICKEY) BRIGGS
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

I like it. My father was very superstitious when he ran the Tigers. You couldn't go in or out of his box during a no-hitter. You couldn't even light or put out a cigarette. If it was the opposing pitcher, he'd do everything he could to jinx him.



FRANK CONRUFF
National Editor
Herald Newspapers

It's as pointless as all superstitions. If you want your pitcher to win, you want him to relax. I think players should talk to each other during a close game. I once shouted "no-hitter" in the ninth inning to Rex Barney and he went on to pitch it.



ROBERT W. HOWENSTEIN
Student, U. of
Pennsylvania
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

It's taken seriously by fans. When Don Larsen was within three outs of his perfect no-hitter, no one mentioned it. Even Mel Allen avoided it on the air. If he had said it and Larsen had lost, the fans would hate Mel to this day.

The Best of Times

Sporting events, once timed broadly in seconds, are now measured with such exactness that knowing the time down to a tenth of a second has become almost as important as knowing the score. To meet the very special requirements of timing sports, the precision-minded watchmakers of Switzerland have developed a variety of devices, some shown here, that will time anything that moves, be it the moon in the sky, a car on the salt flats or a race horse's sudden spurt.



OLYMPIC STOP WATCH (\$250, Omega) indicates tenths of seconds, has 21 jewels.



HORSE TIMER (\$111, C. L. Gubel) has two sweep hands, enabling the timer to time sprints as well as horse's over-all run.



YACHTING TIMER (\$30, Gallet) indicates five minutes in reverse to show the time elapsed between the gun and start of race.



FISHERMAN'S CHRONOGRAPH (Cartier) gives day, date, month and phases of the moon, which indicate tides for fishermen.



MASTER MARINER (\$184, LeCoultre) is waterproof, automatic and antimagnetic watch built to withstand heavy exposure.



RING MASTER (\$75, Heuer) is a 1/5-second stop watch with seven changeable dial rings, each calibrated to time different sports. One on watch here would time 40 minutes of soccer ball. Other rings time boxing, crew strokes, re-pitching control, and one plain ring is for any special use owner desires.

CONTINUED



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HIGHLAND CREAM
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**ONLY CROWN PRINCE
BOWLING APPAREL
DEALERS HAVE THEM!**



**CRUISE
TONE**



Box 1111

Milwaukee 1, Wis.

competition

In one way selling is a lot like sport. Like golf or baseball, bowling or horse racing, selling nowadays is about as competitive as you can get.

And in any competition it's a good idea to have the best competitors on your side.

Some of the best competitors in the world are the 850,000 families who would read your advertising in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. They are one bunch who'll take sides.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
America's National Sports Weekly

BEST OF TIMES continued



GOLFER'S WATCH (\$45, Loden, Picard) stays out of harm's way by slipping onto golfer's belt, flips open to show the time.



SPORTS CAR TIMER (\$53, Galco) can be attached to dash, is cushioned in rubber, records seconds, minutes, 12 hours.



STOP WATCH (\$51, Gallet) records 1/10 second intervals. The large second hand sweeps twice around dial each minute.



GOLF CLOCKER (Leonidas) doesn't keep time but records the hole-by-hole score and the over-all total for 18 holes of golf.



STEEL CHRONOGRAPH (\$175, Breitling) has 1/5-second sweep hand, a rotating ring to show hour in other time zones.



TACHOMETER (\$125, Gallet) measures time and speed, has a telemeter to measure the distance of a sound from observer.

ILLUMINATED DIAL (\$75, Ernest Borel), using tiny battery-stored bulb, lights up at nighttime when a button is pressed.



GMT-MASTER (\$240, Rolex) has revolving rim for setting time in other zones, shows date, is shock- and waterproof.



SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—MAJOR LEAGUES reached All-Star break with New York Yankees prevailing in sprint out of eight in American League while Milwaukee Braves were balancing on ropes in National League.

MICHAEL MANTLE began to catch up to big boys, literally sprinkled his frequent strikeouts with seven homers in eight games (21 for season), helped Yankees win five in row over Orioles and Senators, stretch lead over Athletics and Red Sox to 11 games. Meanwhile, rest of league continued to limp along far behind Casey Stengel's rich but hungry young mob.

BRADY began to meander, lost five straight before halting slide against Pirates as Gambo, heating up with two in row over Cards, crept within game of first place. Phillies, bolstered by reinstatement of First Baseman Ed Bouchee (after suspension because of morals convictions) and airtight pitching, suddenly came alive, ran off six straight, climbed from seventh to fourth, ahead of rejuvenated Cubs, who were only 3½ games off pace.

HORSE RACING—GOLD BULLE, struggling valiantly under 134-pound load, slipped behind driving Clem in stretch, but got up under Eddy Arcaro's belly-slapping to push nose in front at end of \$83,400 Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park. Said Arcaro adamantly "I let Gold Bulle have a look at him [Clem] and that did it."

STEVE SCULMAN, his fresh eyes twinkling, for once broke with field, found his new game amusing enough to stay within easy reach until far turn when he turned to front for card-up victory in 7-furlong San Clemente Purse at Hollywood Park.

GOLF—PETER THOMSON, stylish young Australian who warmed up with record 133 in two qualifying rounds, faltered just enough on final 18 to let Welshman Dave

Thomas earn tie at 278, but perked up his short game in 36-hole playoff, came in with 133 (vs Thomas' 143) to win fourth British Open in five years at St. Anne's (see page 13).

TRACK & FIELD—U.S. CHIEFS, hustling and hustling around Morristown, N.J. tracklike as many queen bees, broke one American record, five meet marks in national AAU championships as they scrambled for berths on team which will face Russians in Moscow July 27-28. The squad: 100-yard dash, Tennessee State's Margaret Matthews (who also scored 29 feet 5 inch for U.S. broad-jump record) and Barbara Jones; 220-yard dash, Tennessee State's Lucinda Williams and Isabel Daniels; 440-yard relay, Tennessee State's Matthews, Jones, Daniels, Williams and Martha Hudson (reserve); 80-meter hurdles, Queens (N.Y.) Mercuries' Lauretta Paley and Providence (R.I.) Almas's Doris McCaffrey; 880-yard run, New York PAL's Lillian Green and Mercuries' Flo McArdle; shotput, Los Angeles' Earlene Brown and Marjorie, Ore.'s Sharon Shepherd; darts, Brown and Mercuries' Marjorie Lacey, javelin, Lacey and Mercuries' Amelia Wernhoven; high jump, New York PAL's Barbara Brown and Chicago Comets' Verneda Smith; broad jump, Matthews and Tennessee State's Anne Smith. Alternates: Tennessee State's Willie B. White (broad jump), Laurel (Calif.) AC's Pamela Kurrell (darts). Coach: Tennessee State's Ed Temple.

NAOYA JOHNSON, double UCLA strong-boy, found Nationalist China's Yang Chuan-kang breathing hotly down his substantial neck at Palmyra, N.J., but won five of 10 events (see below), scored 2,764 points to Yang's 7,025 to capture national decathlon title. Victory earned Johnson (and third-place Dave Edstrom of Oregon) face-to-face meeting with Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov, who recently broke Johnson's world record, in Moscow next month.

BOXING—NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANK HOGAN, vigorously ranting about his boxing's murky waters since April, made his first big strike, pulled in Boxing Judge Bert Grant on charges of accepting bribes from Max Baer Hymie (The Mink) Wolfman, admitted badly (and accused) fromman of Frankie Carlo, to vote for Wolfman fighters in five New York bouts. Result: Grant faces criminal arrest; Wolfman, granted immunity by grand jury, was named co-conspirator, promptly had his license suspended by Boxing Commissioner Julius Helland (see page 26), who was anxiously awaiting further action by Hogan.

NEW YORK wasn't only place where decisions made news. At San Francisco, Middleweight Joey Giardello lethargically stuck his elevated left into 2½-to-1 underdog Joey Giambra's handsome face often enough to pile up points in early rounds, improved almost everyone (including 6,000 fans, all but one sportswriter) but referee and one judge, lost 10-round and subsequent protest to California Star Athletic Commission at Hollywood, No. 1 welterweight challenger Louis Legat, a 2-to-1 favorite, punched his ink home-leave Don Jordan with bloodstained shots to face, but finished second best in eyes of Referee Mushy Callahan and Judge John Thomas. Monard Logan's manager, effusive Eddie Mafas "It's a decision like this that causes investigations."

BOATING—HARVARD's unbeaten lightweight, standing alone among American challengers after tanning bark Kent School and Washington-Lee H.S. and Russia's upset of U.S. of Washington, brutally outdistanced Thames Rowing Club to make off with Thames Challenge Cup at Henley (see page 10). "The greatest thing that ever happened to us," thrilled Harvard Coach Joe Brown. Crews from Washington rowmen were consoled by thought they will get second crack at Soviets in Moscow, July 19.

DETROIT BOAT CLUB, oldest in nation, maintained control of debris-filled and rain-swollen Schuykill, took third straight national rowing title at Philadelphia after Paul Ignas of runners-up Vesper Club won his first singles sculling crown.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



BREASTSTROKE TAP barely ahead of China's Yang Chuan-kang, UCLA's Halor Johnson wins 100-meter dash on way to decathlon title.



HEADING OFFSHORE on starboard tack, Easterner, making ready for the America's Cup trials, takes to sea at Marblehead, Mass.



RUNNING FREELY, Mrs. Charles Ulrich Bay's once-beaten filly, Idus, steps briskly to wire on the \$28,500 Mother Goose at Belmont.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SWORDFISH: LONG ISLAND: Most exciting blue-water news in years is heavy run of broadbill under way from New Jersey to Martha's Vineyard, Mass. and now concentrated 10 to 14 miles south of Shinnecock Inlet. Customarily difficult, weatherily striking baits with unprecedented enthusiasm, and in past two weeks 11 broadbill to 105 pounds taken on rod and reel have been weighed in at Mickey Altomker's dock in Shinnecock Canal. FVG. OVG for coming weeks.

TROUT: CALIFORNIA: FG generally in Sierra as last week Grant Lake awarded an 11-pound brown to C. E. Kennedy of Bishop who used fly tackle. Fire hazard has led to closing of many low-elevation areas, but more lofty waters, such as Sacramento River near Redding, productive.

OREGON: Crane Prairie Reservoir offering fine catches of brook trout to 16 inches at mouth of Cultus Creek. Large brooks being hooked in Wickiup. Mouth of Davis Creek harboring runnows to 8 pounds and bowies to 15. Little Deschutes River and Crescent Creek H but falling and should be prime for fly fishing.

BLUE MARLIN: BAHAMAS: In five days' fishing last week Bimini anglers boated 13 blue marlin. Heron Big Game Fishing Club "five marlin tournament" won by club's new commander Robert L. Richardson of Charleston, W. Va., with 111-pound marlin taken on 24-thread. Fastest marlin of five-day fume, 605 pounds, boated by nontournament angler Mel Bone of Miami, OVG.

NEW JERSEY: Blue marlin showing SSE of Bergenat and south to Five Fathoms Lightship. Last week William St. John of Saddle River caught estimated 300-pound marlin for two hours when it lost patience and drove its bill through bow of boat. Marlin also lost bill and St. John lost marlin.

BLUEFISH: MICHIGAN: FVG for blues to two pounds all along coast with Biloxi area particularly active.

NORTH CAROLINA: Ponderous hicksh still cruising Wambli Shoals off Oregon Inlet where last weekend Bruce Carlton Pulaski from Civil War historical and editor of *American Heritage*, did battle with several 12-pound aggressors and won.

WOMEN SAY "DEODORANT" MEN SAY TRIG®



C—entry clear
N—water normal height
U—water high
L—water low
R—water really
WT24—water 50°

FG—fishing good
FY—fishing fair
FP—fishing poor
GVG—outfitted, very good
OG—outfitted good
OP—outfitted, poor

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Moss 33—Anthony Bivoli 38—U.P. 39—Bureau

**Now! A man's way to check
perspiration odor — no mess,
no trickle, no crumbling!**

Mister, don't miss this one. It's for men—the scent, the color, the works. Trig rolls on, quick and easy. Trig goes straight to work—underarm hair can't block it. Trig works a full 24 hours. Remember this: Women say "deodorant"... men say Trig.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOLMYERS

AMERICANS ABROAD



RUSSKIES BEAT HUSKIES OVER A THAMES POCKMARKED BY RAIN IN HENLEY'S CLIMACTIC GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE



STRAW BOATERS set the fashion at Henley. Emma Dodds added a rose and a smile.



UPTURNED BRIM of Delta Stone's boater aided in display of her wind-blown bangs.



SHUR-NOSED Sally Anne Ripley decorated a straw with blue net trimming.

GET AN EVEN BREAK

SUPERHEADING summer's annual tourist invasion, American athletes last week popped up all over the continent of Europe for a wide variety of international contests, from tennis at Wimbledon to an automobile race at Monza (see these and following pages). Competition, happily, was sparkling, and results, for Americans, were mixed. At England's famous and frothy Royal Henley Regatta, which annually attracts the world's crack oarsmen, Russia and Britain each won two of the six truly international events, America and Australia each won one. This was the wettest and stormiest Henley within memory, with the climactic race between Russia's Trud Club and the University of Washington's heavyweight eights rowed in lightning, thunder and rain all the way (see opposite). The Huskies relied as usual on a smooth, rhythmic stroke that derives its power from long legs and backs; Trud's shorter, stockier crew, their bulky arm and shoulder muscles built up by training with weights, rowed in jerky-jerky style, pulled away at the start as expected but then never yielded to occasional Husky spurts. Their margin at the finish was a length and a half, their time of 6:49 was only the fifth

Armed with rackets, shells and other weapons of athletic combat, a task force assaulted the Old World and left as many fields in triumph as in honorable defeat

since 1839 to better 6:50 over Henley's one mile 550 yards. After thus eliminating Washington, Trud went on to win the Grand Challenge Cup from Australia's Leichhardt Club by 2½ lengths in the even more remarkable time of 6:40. Harvard's undefeated lightweights (150-pounders) swept the Thames Challenge Cup series for the sole U.S. victory, rowing often against heavier opponents.

American disappointment in the Grand Challenge was matched by Russian despair later when Olympic single sculls champion Vasilyev Ivanov was outdistanced by more than 22 lengths in the Diamond Sculls by Australia's Stuart Mackenzie. The tall, tough Aussie coasted lazily home with a new record (8:06) after pressuring Ivanov into exhaustion by the ¾-mile mark. Harvard and Washington moved on to further international competition, the Crimson to Hamburg for a July 12, 13 regatta, the Huskies for another meeting with Trud in Moscow, July 19.

The cheerful news from Monza, Italy resided as much in who was there as in who won. Last year, the big names in European racing refused to compete in the 500-mile event. Such as Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn, Peter Collins and Harry Schell described the event as "dangerous, stupid, unfair, etc."—leaving the strong suspicion that they were afraid to meet America's Indianapolis drivers on Monza's high-speed banked track. When the 1957 race proved a triumph of speed and safety, the Europeans began looking around for cars for this year. Moss, Schell and Hawthorn entered, and Marcel Giambertone, Fangio's manager and leader of the anti-Monza movement, couldn't have scrambled harder to find a car for Fangio. The 500 miles were run in three equal heats of 63 laps each, and although America's Jim Rathmann proved his Zink Lender Card Special to be fast and reliable by winning all

continued

BETWEEN HEATS of 500-mile Monza race, British Driver Stirling Moss and his wife refreshed themselves with some of his sponsor's product, Eldorado ice cream.



BOATER BORROWED from her boy friend helped Anne Clarke to stay in style.



three, he did not have it easy all of the time. Most of the road racing Europeans got over their qualms about track racing soon after Italy's Luigi Musso put on a great display of skill and courage in handling Ferrari's big V12 cylinder car in the qualifying trials. (Tragically, Musso was to lose his life only a few days later in a crash on the 10th lap of the French Grand Prix at Rheims.) Musso put on American-type shoulder harness and used all 430 hp to take pole position on the starting grid. In the first heat, facing Rathmann, Eddie Sachs, Don Freeland and Jim Bryan (driving his Indy-winning Belond A.P. Special), Musso fought valiantly for 20 laps, wheel to wheel with the leaders, though the

Ferraris did not slide the banks like the American cars. However, after Musso let Hawthorn take over during a pit stop, the British driver appeared unable to maintain this sort of driving and put on no show at all. Fangio was out of luck; his Dean Van Lines Special was found to have two cracked pistons just before the first heat started, and although mechanics rebuilt the engine in time for the third heat, he was forced to quit after a single lap with fuel trouble. Moss drove the first heat steadily, threw away all inhibitions halfway through the second as his Maserati-Eldorado gave the Americans rough competition. Moss, Bryan and Troy Ruttman (driving an Agajanian) ran in a tight bunch for a full 25 laps. But once again the European chassis proved inferior to the American in

handling. The third heat was an all-American show, with Rathmann, Bryan and Bob Veith lapping consistently at 172 mph. Bryan, possibly overconfident after Indianapolis, finished second over-all, while the three Ferrari drivers did an excellent job of placing the Italian car third. Monza is, apparently, here to stay, since, as British motor expert Denis Jenkinson put it, "the Europeans now realize that the Indy cars are not unbeatable."

Elsewhere on the Continent, "old squire" Gene Sarazen put on a fine show in the British Open, six U.S. track stars won their events in a four-nation meet in Milan, and American horsemen surprised at Aachen by placing second to Spain's Grand Prix champions. All in all, a busy week for our touring athletes.

THE SILVER LINING

**It was a dour Wimbledon,
but Althea Gibson and
St. Louis averted our eclipse**

AS A MILESTONE in monotony, the 73rd All-England Lawn Tennis championships played at Wimbledon should long be remembered. For most of the forbidding fortnight, play was as dour and leaden as the skies. There were, nonetheless, a few quicksilver performances on the courts, especially in the women's division.

When the British ladies won the Wightman Cup last month for the first time in 28 years, there was some reason to suspect that American amateur tennis supremacy, already vanished from the men's ranks, had now disappeared entirely. But such is not the case, not as long as Althea Gibson prefers swinging a racket to singing in a nightclub.

Playing powerful, if erratic, tennis, Althea won her second straight Wimbledon singles title, defeating Britain's Angela Mortimer in the final 8-6, 6-2 despite an attack of first-set jitters.

Many had hoped to see Althea meet Britain's "wonder girl" and Wightman Cup heroine, Christine Truman, in the final. It had been the 17-year-old Christine who had provided a necessary point in the recent Cup Victory by defeating Althea. But

in the biggest upset of the tournament, California's Mimi Arnold defeated Miss Truman 10-8, 6-3 in the fourth round. Before Mimi's methodical assault, Miss Truman showed herself a wonder girl wondrously innocent of tactical judgment.

The men's final, won by Australia's dark and brooding Ashley Cooper, was an exhibition of mechanical serve and volley that stylist Fred Perry described disdainfully as "this biff-bang-wallopp game." The London *Times* referred to it more academically as "the recurring decimal point of a game reduced to the last stages of automation." Cooper, a schoolmaster's son, has a game which is solid and unimaginative. Neale Fraser, whom Cooper met in the final, has a good serve, a good volley and a glaring weakness: no backhand. Cooper probed it and Cooper won 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 13-11.

Amersea's Barry MacKay played according to form. He was seeded eighth, which means the tournament directors thought he should reach the quarter-finals. He did, and that's where he was beaten by Mervyn Rose.

Those who mourn the absence of Americans in the late stages of any international men's tournament can take heart: the Wimbledon boys' singles title was won by Earl Buchholz Jr. and he's from St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



DARK AND BROODING. new champ Cooper knew how to probe an enemy's weakness.

OMINUS PORTENT. Russia's 16-year-old Anna Dmitrieva reached junior finals.



THE DIGGER FINISHED ON TOP

Australia's Peter Thomson won his fourth

British Open title on a course too easy for its own good

by HENRY LONGHURST

THE British Open golf championship resulted in a triumph for the Australian Peter Thomson, the emergence of a burly 23-year-old Welshman, David Thomas, as our most hopeful international prospect for years, and the complete massacre of one of Britain's most venerated championship courses: Royal Lytham and St. Anne's. The tie between Thomson and Thomas was only the ninth since the Open was first played in 1860.

The championship is played on a strict rota of links, all of them beside the sea, and Lytham, on the coast of Lancashire, near England's "Atlantic City," Blackpool, depends more than most upon its seaside characteristics of close-cropped fairways, fast running greens—and wind. Last week nature robbed it of all of them. Constant rain had turned the fairways into green pastures. The greens could be pitched upon from any angle, thus destroying the strategic value of most of the 360 bunkers, and, as for the wind, it never raised enough strength to rattle the flags on their sticks. Given "target golf" of this order, the best modern professionals can reduce the finest course in the world to a mere question of whether or not you hole your putt for a birdie. The tying total of 278 beat the previous record by a stroke, and for the seven rounds that he played at Lytham, including two in the play-off and one qualifying—the other was played on a neighboring course—Thomson had the almost indecent total of 24 under fours. However, if Lytham could be said to have presented an inadequate scholarship examination in golf, at least there is no doubt that the best scholar finished at the top of the class.

To the true lover of golf this limited rota of courses has one undoubted advantage, the accumulation with the years of a historical and sometimes almost romantic background. At the right to left dogleg 17th young Thomson in the first playoff round hooked

his drive. As he walked forward through the bushes and sand hills to survey his 170-yard cross-country shot to the green one could see another young man, as though it were yesterday, facing precisely the same problem with the same thoughts running through his mind nine years before Thomas was born. This was what happened to Bobby Jones—he has never been Bob to us in England—when he was partnered with Al Watrous, the two of them level with two holes to play and the Open of 1926 lying between them. In the bunker a few yards from Thomson's ball one could see the little "tombstone" which commemorates the shot with which Jones virtually won the championship, and in the clubhouse there hangs the hickory-shafted mashie iron with which he played it.

After the much regretted scratchings of Ken Venturi and Cary Middlecoff, we were left with 11 American entrants, two of whom took 88 and 87 in the first qualifying round and shall remain anonymous. Threeservicemen (Monte M. Bradley of Hillsboro, Texas, Charles T. Jennings of Medford, N.J. and Ed Kotlarezyk of Holland, Ohio) came over from Woodlawn, Germany, and Bradley qualified. Of the name players only Strannahan and Sarazen were left. In the course of the weight-lifting act by which he trains for golf, Strannahan unhappily strained a back muscle on the eve of play. He was granted a two-hour postponement for treatment and injections at the local hospital, and they kept him going for a 68 at Lytham. But next day serious golf was almost out of the question, and an 81 saw him, to the general regret, fail to qualify.

Sarazen, on the other hand, put up a magnificent show. He was U.S. Open champion when he first came here in 1923 and failed to qualify. It was the bitterest golfing pill he ever had to swallow, and he endeared

continued on page 36



PETER THOMSON: the examination in golf proved to be inadequate, but at least there was no doubt that the best scholar finished at the head of the class.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

Oasis on the Sunny Seine



MOORED TO THE LEFT BARR, DELIGNY POOL BECKONS TO ALL WHO PASS

Heat and politics may scorch their lovely capital, but Parisians have an escape right in the heart of town—the Deligny swimming pool

YOU are standing, in the photograph above, on the Pont de la Concorde in Paris. The famous Place of the same name is a stone's throw away on the left; to the right, beyond the trees along the Left Bank, is the Chamber of Deputies, where a month ago the Fourth Republic died in stormy agony and General de Gaulle came back to power. It is summer in Paris, the eve of the great holiday of July 14, celebrating the storming of the Bastille and the birth of the First Republic. Heat waves dance on the pavements; all around the teeming traffic of the capital swirls in endless confusion. Whistles shrill as the *flies* wave their white batons; red-faced cab drivers hurl a cacophony of curses at the heat and the cops and the sweltering world in general. But here before you, serenely floating on the brown expanse of the patient Seine, is an oasis of coolness, a man-made isle of calm moored to the ancient stones of the embankment—the swimming-pool-in-a-barge known as the Bains Deligny. You have but to descend and pay a modest 250 francs (60¢) for a ticket and you are transported in an instant from the heat-struck capital to the Côte d'Azur. Deligny, located right in the heart of Paris, has everything—a filtered pool, a solarium, a restaurant, a bar; but most of all, acres and acres of browning, bikini-clad skin.

Relaxed in favorite swimming place, Parisians enjoy pool, sun and each other. Attendance runs up to 1,200 daily







This is the Seine's own Côte d'Azur, a Riviera in the heart of Paris beside the Left Bank, whose green trees loom above



This face of France the world will remember when crises are forgotten: a golden-haired bikini girl

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Who's Excited?

It would be premature to speak with certainty, but it seems to us either that baseball's bad tempers are enjoying a recession or that its cool collectedness is having a recovery. A look last week at the Umpire Bounce Averages (an index that is ours exclusively) showed both National and American League thumbs off the pace. Last year, you may recall, National League umpire teams bounced players at the fairly feverish rate of 2.20 felloes a week. So far this season they are running at a slightly decelerated 1.75. In the American League, traditionally evenly disposed officials have carved down last year's 1.50 dismissals a week to a well-moderated .83.

Even individual statistics show mellowing. The National League's terrible-tempered Dascolis (who alone last year bounced almost as many as the whole American League) are coasting along at a temperate .67 a week. Their final average last year was 1.29. The award for Most Marked Improvement must be accorded the American League's Paparellas: .63 bounces a week last year, .17 this year.

What is the reason for it all? There are theories and theories. Maybe National League umpires, embarrassed by our '57 report, spent the winter searching their souls for evidence of churlishness. Maybe the weather is better this year. In any event, an explanation is easy to spot in the American League. With the Yankees leading by 11 games, who's excited?

Never Say Dry

BOATING ENTHUSIASTS remain enthusiastic in the face of almost any annoyance—sunburn, engine trouble, lakes full of reckless drivers,

or flat tires on their trailers; and the toughest breed of boat lovers in the country is in Albuquerque, N. Mex. Over the Fourth of July weekend, they faced the ultimate inconvenience: disappearing water.

Gathered on the shore of their shrunken Lake Jemex, many of them watched a lone boatman struggle across a quarter of a mile of mud to place his single-seat hydroplane on the tiny pond that remained and ride it around in sad little circles. "Some

men," said one observer, "go down with their ships. That poor guy went down with his lake."

The good old days were just a few weeks ago when Lake Jemex was a glittering sheet of melted snow: five miles long, a mile wide and 87 feet deep. On weekends there had been as many as 150 boats—kayaks, rubber rafts, motorboats, cabin cruisers up to 24 feet long and sailboats of various classes. One Sunday 15,000 people

continued



Jekyll and Hyde are roaming the fairways

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

appeared on the lake shores, many of them just to marvel at so much water.

For Lake Jemez did not exist at all until this spring, and it may not return for years. Big as it was, it was hardly more substantial than a mirage. It was created by an extra-heavy snowfall last winter in the mountains north of Albuquerque. When the snow melted, the U.S. Army's Corps of Engineers caught it behind a dam on the little Jemez River. What had been mostly a dry canyon was suddenly a cold and shimmering lake, right in the middle



of a land whose annual rainfall averages 8.68 inches. Albuquerque's boating boom was on.

From the very beginning, though, the bust was in sight. By an ironic provision of the interstate water agreements, most of the water in Lake Jemez belonged to the neighboring and omnibibulous state of Texas. Weeks ago the engineers pulled the plug in Albuquerque's lake and started it draining off down the Rio Grande. But Albuquerque, as one boatman put it, "had got intoxicated with all that water." With the lake draining out from under their very keels, the local boatmen forged

the Albuquerque Boating Club. Its purpose was not to organize regattas but to find ways of keeping Lake Jemez in New Mexico if it should ever reappear.

And what about all those boats? Well, their owners believe in never say dry. With something of the spirit that won the West in the first place, they got out their road maps and started looking for water. Santa Cruz Lake, they found, is 90 miles north. Bluewater Lake is 100 miles west. Conchas Reservoir, 166 miles east; and Elephant Butte is 152 miles south. So now when the boatmen of Albuquerque hitch on their trailers and load up their families, they also make sure they have plenty of gas.

Why Brazil Won

WHEN Brazil won the world's soccer championship—and incidentally played the finest soccer ever seen—the only calm Brazilians remaining after the victory were the players. On hand to see to it that they maintained the proper professional poise of champions was a thoughtful psychologist, Professor João Carvalhais, who has become, since their magnificent triumph, a sensation with world soccer fans himself.

It was Professor Carvalhais' job to impress on his emotional charges "that they do not have to become as excited as they might want to be." He interviewed all players the day before each match to determine if

they were emotionally fit to kick, pass, block and go through the gymnastics and fierce facial expressions that are a part of soccer. In these talks he got down to cases: every man's personal problems in relation to the upcoming game. Then a few minutes before the game started he delivered a combination pep and tranquilizer speech to the whole eleven. Left Fullback Nilton Santos said: "We learned from him how to enter the field smiling."

Obviously, it worked. While the Argentine team at Stockholm was mobbed by beautiful blonde Swedish juvenile delinquents, and the manager of the Mexican team had to move his athletes to the top floor of the hotel to keep girls from climbing in the windows, the psychologically disciplined Brazilians lived in dedicated sobriety. They were in constant radio-telephone communication with Brazil for inspirational exchanges with wives and families.

Says Professor Carvalhais, 41, who used to conduct psychological tests for the Brazilian branch of that far-flung U.S. advertising enterprise, J. Walter Thompson: "I stumbled on a really great difficulty. . . . Direct approach to any one player was liable to raise the suspicion that something must be wrong." He had to wait until players came to him, saying, "If one of them is not fit to start, I can only warn the captain."

European observers freely gave Professor Carvalhais credit for the transformation of the Brazilian team. "Those fellows are different now," said an English expert. "They are playing controlled, certain football. . . . More power to Professor What's-His-Name." In Brazil enthusiasts went further. They said Professor Carvalhais had given the whole nation a psychological treatment. "Unless an attacking forward actually punches me in the face," said Goalkeeper Gilmar calmly, "I no longer get irritated." And as the Brazilian victory celebrations launched the greatest carnival in history, with millions parading in the street, shooting firecrackers and greeting the returning heroes with an 18-mile parade of singing, dancing and beating drums,

They Said It

CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, Tampa heavyweight, on why he decided to forgo a scheduled match in Wales with Welshman Dick Richardson despite four doctors' certification that he was fit: "I've got a message from beyond. I'm not well enough to fight."

CALIFORNIA HORSEPLAYER, a onetime Silky Sullivan fan, after seeing the colt run close to the leaders at Hollywood Park last week, then come on to win his first race since Murch: "Them other horses couldn't run fast enough for him to fall behind."

CALVIN GRIFFITH, president of the Washington Senators, who once promised to keep the club in Washington "as long as I live," in an amendment: "As long as we make a living."

the *Diário de Notícias* editorialized: "Professor Carvalhais put over the greatest possible achievement of his profession: he achieved a mass treatment, a cure of 61 million people, all rid of complexes by the sensational therapeutics of joy."

Casualties of the Rio celebration, despite the Carvalhais therapy: 104 injured, three dead of heart attacks, two slain in debate.

Snowman Season

Peglet (upon discovering some strange tracks): Oh, Pook, do you think it's a-a-a Woosle?

Winnie-the-Pooh: It may be. . . . You never can tell with paw marks.

WHAT the shy sinuosity of the Loch Ness monster is to Scotland the hairy manifestation known as the Abominable Snowman is to Nepal. When the Nepalese aren't spinning prayer wheels they're encountering snowmen, which they call *petis*, or wild men. Most Nepalese are certain of the snowman's existence; Tenzing Norgay, for instance, says, "It is as substantial as the summit of Everest." Skeptical Nepalese keep their doubts to themselves; as good patriots, why should they humbug what has become not only a source of income but about the only thing guaranteed to keep Nepal in the newspapers?

The Loch Ness monster is confined to Loch Ness but the Abominable



Snowman seems to be going international. Last month a hunter claimed in a Saigon newspaper that he had spotted snowmen in the steaming, snowless jungles of Cambodia. He resolutely swore that he had seen a 9-foot beast with prominent jaws, jutting canine teeth and gorilla gait ambling docilely with a 7-foot female and a 3-foot infant in tow. And last December there were reports from Kenya about odd footprints high on



"I don't know why they're glowering—Rule 27, Section 9, Paragraph C, ratified 6 September 1957, clearly states. . . ."

the snowy slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro which were quite definitely not Ernest Hemingway's.

But most of the accounts still come from Nepal. Not long ago, a dispatch raised the intriguing question of whether you would want your sister to marry an Abominable Snowman. A Nepalese Sherpa in Katmandu for a pilgrimage said his sister was carried off from her village by a snowman when she was 6 and lived with him for five years. Unfortunately she had no camera. But the Nepalese government, with businesslike matter-of-factness, has set the license fees alone for *peti*-hunting expeditions as high as \$750 and forbids the shooting of *petis* "except in self-defense."

This year's *peti* hunt, financed by Texas Oilman Tom Slick, marched into the mountains in January and returned the other day with no snowman but plenty of "new leads." And

one of its Sherpas, Dava Temba, reported he had actually spotted a snowman. "I was on night duty on the upper Doodhkosi River Valley," said Temba. "At about midnight a local Sherpa rushed to inform me of the presence of a *peti* below the river. I rushed down with a torchlight to examine the correctness of his information. Reaching the river bed I found a strange, humanlike, naked creature about 6 feet high, covered all over with long hair and with a face like a human being; he was searching for fish or frogs. To look more carefully I focused my torchlight on the creature who started moving toward me on his two feet just as a human. His head was conical, and his face resembled a monkey. He had no tail. I rushed back to inform the expedition leader. By the time we reached the spot the *peti* was gone."

Even as the Slick expedition folded

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

tents came fresh news from the mountain fastness of Mustang, hard by the Tibetan border. Thakali Subba, an official representative of the Raja of Mustang, turned up in Katmandu with photographs of a strange animal believed to be an Abominable Snowman. Subba told the story that last March a number of yaks were reported missing, and the Raja ordered a search following reports that an unknown animal was running along on two legs carrying away a yak. Mustang's riflemen went off in hot pursuit. "I was at the head of the party," related Subba. "After following footprints resembling those of a human being for a mile we came near a narrow pass at about 14,000 feet. There the animal was cornered with its prey. We tried to kill it by throwing down boulders. Twenty riflemen pumped bullets into it when it tried to escape. Its height was about 4 feet 6 inches and its footprints on the snow about 10 inches long. It had long hairs all over its body quite different from a bear's."

A zoologist in Katmandu took a look at the pelt under a microscope. Soft and ash-colored, he said, with the feel and appearance of wool. "Quite unlike the common Himalayan bear."

Any kind of a man? Not even the Nepalese seem to be claiming that. But yet hunters everywhere felt it was the most stirring evidence yet. With Everest conquered, mountain climbers tired of just climbing mountains can be trusted to broaden the search for the yeti. Why? Because they believe, like the Everest men, that it is there.

Texan in Waiting

IT is, indeed, a singular era which can produce two heavyweight challengers in succession who are college graduates. The first, of course, was Pete Rademacher, who had the further distinctions of never having engaged in a professional fight and being, primarily, the vice-president of a concern known as Youth Unlimited. The second is to be Roy Harris, who has the further distinctions of having taught the fourth and fifth grades in

the Stephen F. Austin elementary school, of residing in Cut and Shoot, Texas (or near there) and of having several pet alligators residing in his front yard.

Harris is a young man of forthright and independent opinion; he turned down athletic scholarships, for instance, to work his way through college (Sam Houston State) as a roughneck in the oilfields, because, as he says, "when they give you a scholarship, they kind of expect you to do what they tell you, and I didn't want to be obligated."

The other day Harris lounged in a rocker on the front porch of his father's house giving his forthright, independent opinions on the subjects he feels most strongly about—education and fighting. "I believe," he said, "if the children got a good break in grammar school they wouldn't have as much trouble in higher grades. I think that's where the teacher has fallen down. They don't teach any morals. They just completely omit the American way of life. Children don't even know what kind of government we have."

"I try to teach that more than anything. I encourage them all to have their parents vote and to have ideas of their own, not to follow along with everything everybody says but to know what they're doing before they get into it and to learn to be leaders themselves, to learn to have people do what they want to do once in a while instead of all the time

doing what the other fellow wants."

He reached down to pet a couple of hounds which dozed beside him and changed the subject. "I don't like to fight," he said. "It scares me to fight and, if I have to fight, the easiest way I can win, that's the way I'm going to win. If I get a cannon or a baseball bat or whatever to fight with, that's what I'm going to fight with—the most dangerous thing I can get. But I'm not going to fight anybody, other than boxing, unless I have to."

Roy Harris then hitched up his Bermuda shorts and swung purposefully off through the sweet gum and pine toward the ring, where a sparring partner was waiting for him. He had an appointment with Floyd Patterson in a month or so.

Putter Innovation

FLOYD S. ROOD, the golf pro at the St. Mary Golf and Country Club in Morgan City, La., drove up to New Orleans the other day, taking with him a gun case which contained a golf club. It was a putter, and a rather special one: Rood had paid a jeweler to make its head of gold, embed a one-carat diamond in it and engrave upon it the words: Presented to Dwight David Eisenhower. For some time Rood has been trying—unsuccessfully—to obtain a White House appointment so that he can present his club to the President. (Less ornate versions of it are in commercial production.)

In New Orleans, he stopped in a cocktail lounge, drew his glittering putter from the gun case and showed it off to admiring friends and strangers. Once or twice he left the table. Then, when he moved on to another cocktail lounge and brought it out again, he discovered that the one-carat diamond had been pried loose from the clubhead and was missing. "Whoever took it," said Rood with understandable satisfaction, "cut himself while digging it out. There was blood all over the blade."

But if the club's head was bloody, Rood's head was unbowed. He will have another diamond mounted in his golden putter, he says, and keep on trying to give it to the President.



High Time

The yachtsman flew the cocktail flag
Till far into the night.
The crew remained quite sober, but
The ship was really tight.

—ROGER PRERIN

THE SILLY SEASON GOES TO SEA

WHATEVER happened to the flagpole sitters, the marathon dancers, the Channel swimmers and all the other exemplars of silly seasons long gone? After a cursory look at the news of late, we are inclined to guess that a lot of them have put to sea with an outboard motor. The chatter of the outboard has long since dismissed the distinction between land-lubber and seaman, and Neptune's kingdom is no longer reserved to the hardened shellback. During the holiday weekend just past and for many months before, U.S. waters have been acrawl with all manner of foolhardy enthusiasts engaged in a mad flirtation with an elemental *femme fatale* as seductive as she is saucy.

In northern Michigan the craze is for home-made stern-wheelers (see upper right). Whole families of Michiganders have apparently whacked the veranda off Uncle John and Aunt Minnie's old house, launched it somehow and gone cruising in droves. For all we know, Uncle John and Aunt Minnie are still sitting there as the old porch chugs along in a westerling breeze.

Provided they stay reasonably close to shore, we guess nothing too bad can happen to the seagoing porch-sitters, though we shudder to think of what might if a sudden squall whipped across the lake.

Of more concern to us as responsible observers are the plans and antics of the deep-sea Argonauts of the outboard. We were glad, in this respect, when Texans Roy Sutter (an oldtime marathon swimmer) and Jim Pirtle decided at the last minute to ditch setting forth from Boston to Mother England in an 18-foot outboard-powered fiber-glass cruiser (lower right). Our satisfaction was short-lived. The Texas admirals (each holds a bona fide commission from Governor Price Daniel, C in C of the



STERN-WHEELER AMPLE AS A FARMHOUSE VERANDA CROWDS MICHIGAN WATERS



TEXAS ADMIRALS PREPARE TO SAIL THEIR 18-FOOT FLAGSHIP ACROSS ATLANTIC

Texas navy) promptly announced they would set sail from Montreal instead.

In undertaking their hazardous trip, the admirals were following what is by now a well-established tradition. Last year a boatload of actors (that's right, actors) followed a seagoing ketch 2,500 miles across the Pacific in a 15-foot outboard. Two Washingtonians set sail from their home waters in craft almost equally small to view an annual icefall near Juneau, Alaska. The Great Totem who watches over all flagpole sitters somehow managed to keep them from being swamped by the tons of collapsing glacial ice.

No such protection, however, was

afforded the doughty North Carolina disk jockey Melvin West, who set out from Morehead City planning to fetch Bermuda in his outboard in a matter of 40 hours. Four days later, a tramp steamer found West short of food and fuel, restocked him and sent him on his way again. The Coast Guard later picked him up and sent him home, but Melvin stubbornly tried again and was finally lost at sea.

All of which leads us to believe that fun's fun, but only up to a point. Bon voyage, we say to all true adventurers on the sea, with only a slight interruption to remind all hands that President Eisenhower proclaimed the past week as National Safe Boating Week. **END**



CONFIDENT SMILE LIGHTS FACE OF HOUSTON'S PHIL RODGERS

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

BEST COLLEGE GOLFER OF 1958

Superiority on the links may well cost the freckle-faced young man pictured here his college degree. He missed four exams to become the second-lowest amateur in this year's Masters' tournament and may get kicked out of the University of Houston if he doesn't make them up. But, according to towheaded Phil Rodgers, 20, "it was worth it." Still in good standing on his campus, though he spends more time on the links, Phil is shown here on the beautiful pine- and birch-shaded Taconic Golf Club course at Williamstown, Mass. as he defeated 302 college golfers to become the nation's undisputed undergraduate champ. Undergraduate golf is booming these days. More than 130 colleges have their own courses, and the young men ranged against Phil at Williamstown represented the best from 79 of them.

The brash young swinger from La Jolla, Calif. who beat them all for his Texas alma mater likes to spice his play with clowning and chatter. Nevertheless, he managed with ease to lead his team in the qualifying rounds to a record low of 570 for the 61-year-old collegiate tournament, to give Houston its third straight championship and to leave his finals competitor, Purdue's John Konek, a doctor-to-be, trailing all the way.

Photographed by Ted Polunbaum

VICTORIOUS TEXANS Rodgers and Houston Coach Dave Williams pose between rounds with Southern California's manager.



RUNNER-UP John Konek (in white flannel cap) straggles dismally behind Rodgers (in white straw) between holes on the



TENSE MOMENT ON THE SUN-DRENCHED NINTH GREEN MARKS KONSEN'S ATTEMPT TO SINK A LONG PUTT WHICH FELL SHORT



afternoon round as the Houston champion builds his match play lead to 5 up.



LAPPED IN SILVERWARE, Champion Phil Rodgers heads for Texas and California carrying the Chick Evans trophy for match play and the Maxwell Cup for his team.

VICTORS, CONVALESCENTS AND JUBILANTS



RECOVERED from broken jaw, which didn't keep him from hitting .324 for Kansas City, Bob Cerv goes happily back to steak after six weeks of baby foods and liquids.

RECOVERING from surgery on right foreleg, Derby and Preakness Winner Tim Tam, a good patient, gets parting pat from Ruth Kelly of U. of Penn veterinary hospital.



ONE KISS from Sweden's Greta Thyssen rewarded Harness Driver Jimmy Jordan, 55, for winning Messenger Stake on July 4 with pacer O'Brien Hanover. Another reward: \$54,282 first-place money.





TWO STEP by Wimbledon Winners Althes Gibson (U.S.) and Ashley Cooper (Australia) celebrates Althes's second British singles championship and Cooper's first at ball in London's Grosvenor House.



HANDSHAKE WITH OFFICIAL. Count de Gouvion-St.-Cyr, marks victory of Russell Aitken of U.S. (right) in a live pigeon shoot at Vichy, France. Aitken is the third American in the meet's 37-year history to take Vichy's Grand Prix against crack European shots.



HANDSHAKE WITH HIMSELF is a jubilant scoreboard keeper's way of celebrating a five-run Giant rally in San Francisco's Seals Stadium. Giants defeated Cubs 6-5 but lost second game of double-header 1-6, giving scoreboard no occasion to make like cuckoo.

WAIKIKI WATER BABY

At what age should a child start learning to swim? Not before he is 5 months old, says Mrs. Buck Buchwach, wife of the city editor of *The Honolulu Advertiser*, which is precisely when her son Bruce (below)

took to water. "Before then," says Mrs. B., "it's too hard to find trunks to fit. And waterlogged diapers hamper swimming instructions."

Bruce, a husky 30 pounds at 5 months (here he is 9 months old and

weighs 24 pounds dripping wet), takes lessons at Henry Kaiser's Waikiki hotel, the Hawaiian Village.

Says the proud but somewhat bewildered Mr. B.: "Anyway, it keeps my boy off the dangerous land."





FLOWING resolutely underwater, Bruce heads for Assistant Instructor Peggy Quintance. Before Bruce was 6 months old, he had been taught to hold his breath and propel himself with frog kicks. Bruce also kicks when he's hoisted out of the water.

FLOATING carefree as an upside-down flounder in the arms of Instructor Mary Ann Sears, Bruce patiently waits to be released. He splashes about an hour a day, some 15 minutes with Mrs. Sears and the remainder of the time with his mother.

HANGING on gutter with Mrs. Sears, who has 50 trophies for ocean swimming and a good deal of patience, Bruce takes a breather. Daddy insists he never imbibes any of the pool and that he learned to crawl in water before he learned to crawl on land.



Photographed by Garrix Harris

THE MINK WHO MADE LIKE A CANARY

**Manager Wallman and
Boxing Judge Grant
are suspected of hanky-panky**
by GILBERT ROGIN

THE EASY WAY to fix a fight is to "have" one or more of the officials. Fighters are complicated; they have too much pride, petulance, greed, and are bad actors. Not so long ago, for instance, a fighter working in an eastern city was so fastidious that when he swooned from a negligible punch he daintily placed his hand between his cheek and the canvas so he would not soil his face. And there was the heavyweight who was told to collapse in the second, so it would look good. "Aw," the guy said, a real *keetck* who lost by himself anyway, "I worked all day. I'm tired. What's wrong with the first?" Venal officials are more dependable and artful; they are mature and don't talk back. Judges come cheap because there are two of them. If a fight is expected to be close, it is acceptable to "have" one judge; two judges constitute what gamblers call a lock. The referee comes dearer. There is only one of him and he has, moreover, the power to give one fighter a favorable position on the break, to harass another with excessive warnings, to take rounds away or to stop the fight. Some guys even "have" the doctor.

Last week a 51-year-old New York newspaper circulation clerk named Bert Grant was indicted, arrested (and released in \$2,500 bail after pleading not guilty) on charges of conspiring with Hymie (the Mink) Wallman, a New York fight manager and furrier, to fix five fights (for honorariums of \$50 or \$100) involving Wallman's fighters. The fights, which took place in New York from October 1954 to February 1958, were: Kilgore vs. Ward, Cadillac vs. Chestnut,

Besmanoff vs. Miteff, Ippolito vs. Zulueta and Valdes vs. Miteff. Grant was in a position to do Hymie some good; he has been a fight judge for 11 years. As it turned out, Grant couldn't do Hymie any good; the four fights which he worked were decided unanimously in Wallman's favor. The fifth fight Grant did not work, but he is accused of accepting \$100 from Wallman for "good will."

"I don't know from nothing," wailed Hymie the Mink, when reporters told him about Grant. But the Mink, a guy who runs around with the tough guys and the mustache guys to be a big man and who is reportedly a front for Mobster Frankie Carbo, was a weasel after all. Granted immunity to testify before the grand jury, he had obviously been singing with the vigor and profuseness of a Harz Mountain canary.

New York Boxing Commissioner Julius Helfand, who seems, regretably, to have become unhorsed after his early crusades, said with a degree of piousness, "It is most unfortunate that the district attorney [Frank S. Hogan] granted immunity to Wallman. It is just as heinous to be the bribe giver as the receiver, or worse." Julie suspended Hymie's license and announced that the commission was preparing charges against him.

The life of the grand jury, which has been sitting since April, following a flutter of subpoenas in Madison Square Garden (51, March 31), has been extended until December 4, so it may continue to explore boxing's dark jungle. Among the witnesses expected to appear before it is James D. Norris, president emeritus of the International Boxing Club. Hogan has been trying to serve Norris since early June. Last week Norris' attorney said that Marse Jim was convalescing from a heart attack at his Paris, Ky. breeding farm and that his client would not be able to testify.



HYMIE: "I DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHING"

When Hogan said he wanted a court-appointed doctor to determine whether Norris was, indeed, fit to take the stand, Norris said he wasn't ducking any subpoena, no sir, and that he would return to New York.

The grand jury, it has been learned, has voted additional indictments, involving bigger names. There are, alas, more beasts in the jungle than a protean mink-weasel-canary and a pathetic fight judge.

But the proper show goes on. On July 16 (Wednesday night *Fights*) Light Heavyweights Yvon Durelle and Mike Holt have a go at each other in Montreal, near enough Durelle's home port to be worth noting. Durelle, a free-swinging, is fourth-ranked, and his crude, resolute ways have usually stood him in good stead. Holt, the seventh-ranked cruiser, knocks them out in Johannesburg, but it has been suggested that his reputation as a puncher doubtless derives from the fact that he shows no ability whatsoever as a boxer. It ought to be a rouser, but Durelle, a 21-4 chore, should overwhelm Holt, who allows himself a good deal of punishment, around about the eighth.

The Friday night (July 18) TV fight at New York involves lightweights: Bobby Seanon, a moody, restless Irishman who is undefeated in 29 fights and has never been knocked down or suffered a facial cut, and Gale Kerwin. Seanon is quick, hand and foot, and has sharp combinations, including the jab and the double hook. Although he has a tendency to hit and hold, to lunge, defenseless, when he misses a lead, and to be a little smart-alecky, Seanon should win the decision. The morning line is 7 to 5 pick 'em.

END



32 World Records in Puerto Rico



A fishing cruise off El Morro Castle, San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

LIKE the rain—the climate and the countryside—the fishing in Puerto Rico is *spectacular*. Big fish water starts only half-a-mile from shore. It seldom takes long to hang a sailfish or a marlin on the gin pole.

Thirty-two world records have been broken in Puerto Rican waters. For example, the largest blue marlin ever caught with rod and reel was taken two miles off San Juan. It weighed *56 pounds!*

A passion for fishing seizes most U. S. businessmen

who have factories in Puerto Rico. You see them in their offices on Monday mornings with glowing faces, peeling noses and a remarkable zest for their work. No wonder their profits are healthy.

Puerto Rico is less than 5½ hours by air from New York. And the sea is only 15 minutes from your desk—if you have an office in San Juan. Lucky you.

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666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.



WHAT'S AS EFFORTLESS AS A CORVETTE?



Soundlessly soaring, buoyed on the invisible rivers of the upper air, a sailplane moves with a serenity that has its road-borne counterpart in the arrowing flight of a Corvette.

Is it strange that this authentic sports car, bred for fiery competence, should cruise so effortlessly? Not really; not when you wed a silken cyclone of a V8 to a beautifully compact body and a chassis that clings to the road like a stalking panther. That's when you get acceleration as easy as a giant's stride, a liquid grace in motion, steering as sharp and precise as a scalpel.

In plain truth, a Corvette travels in a way no other American car can equal. You can test this—and assure yourself an hour of unique pleasure—simply by calling your Chevrolet dealer. He will be glad to let Corvette speak for itself!

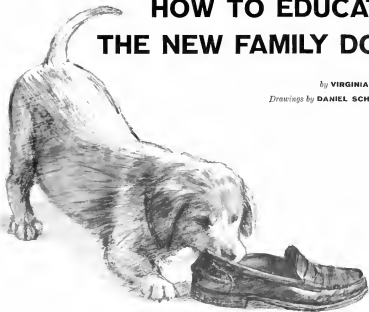
... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

LOIS & HARLAND MEISTRELL *teach you*

HOW TO EDUCATE THE NEW FAMILY DOG

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

Drawings by DANIEL SCHWARTZ



One of the most delightful—and perplexing—of all family problems begins when you bring home a new puppy. What happens from that moment on is up to you—his arrival can mean chaos and confusion, disrupted schedules and distraught tempers, or it can mean pleasure and companionship for every member of the

family. Here, in the first of an illustrated two-part series, Lois and Harland Meistrell of Great Neck, N.Y., who have worked with all breeds of dogs in their 25 years as both amateur and professional trainers, tell you how you can train your new puppy to be a rewarding and well-behaved addition to the family group.

FIRST MONTHS AT HOME



WIRE CAGE doubles as bed and carrying case; permits pup to see, be seen and to adjust to surroundings.

Adjusting the pup to people

A puppy, like a baby, is a bewildered creature in a strange world. Until he feels secure in his new environment he will either fear or fight it. First he needs a place of his own—and this should not be a lonely cellar or garage. Put him in a wire cage like the one shown above. Lined with a towel, it will double as a bed. In a cage like this he can see, be seen and be near you without getting underfoot. Speak to him whenever possible. He won't understand what you say but he will understand the tones you use. For the first week move his cage into your bedroom at night. Then he will know you are safely nearby and instead of whining he will sleep.

The easiest way to housebreak a puppy is to combine this training with exercise. Rig hardware-store wire into a playpen (right). Put newspaper in one corner and leave the pup here about 15 minutes every two hours. If he chooses the floor instead (he undoubtedly will the first few times), move the paper over the spot. Until he learns to associate paper with purpose, the only reprimand should be no. This is the first word he will have to learn; like all commands that follow, it should be short, simple and direct. Use the same pen in the transition from indoor to outdoor training. Before and after each meal put the pup outside in the pen. Since each change in routine means something new for him to learn, put a soiled newspaper in the pen with him. If you can't set the pen up outside, take along the paper anyway. It will help the puppy to understand what you expect of him—and don't expect too much. Few dogs are completely housebroken until about 6 months of age.



HOUSEBREAKING PEN can be set up in the kitchen or yard. Put newspaper in pen with pup. If he fails to use paper at first, reprimand him with stern no until association is established.

PICKING UP PUP correctly is shown by the McStrells' niece Patricia, who puts hands under dog's chest and hindquarters, distributing the puppy's weight and preventing him from falling.



Adjusting people to the pup

New puppies are most likely to be hurt, physically and psychologically, by overeager children. Immature dogs are fragile—their bones break easily and internal injuries often result from good-natured roughhousing. If you have a young child and a new pup, each must learn to respect as well as enjoy the other. Begin by teaching your child to pick up pup with one hand supporting his chest and the other his hindquarters. In this way the pup cannot squirm out of the child's grip or twist into a harmful position. Remind the child to talk to the puppy, so he will be at ease. In play, discourage quick lunges at the dog. Any movement from behind—especially rapid movement—frightens a puppy, because he doesn't see or understand it. Let the child bring himself down to the dog's level by sitting on the floor and waiting—sooner or later natural curiosity will attract pup to child. In this way the dog will learn to expect comfort and approval rather than harm from his young owner.



PLAYING WITH PUP can be harmful and frightening when child lunges at dog. Patricia shows the correct way to wait for pup on his level, permit him to approach voluntarily.

CONTINUED



TRAINING TO THE LEAD should begin early. The new pup first learns to wear leather collar (above), then to walk on a loose lead (left).

PULLING UP by loose neck skin is harmless way to raise a lazy puppy to the correct sit position. Remember to give command sit at same time.



Learning to walk on lead and sit

From the moment a new puppy enters the home, he should learn to wear a small leather collar. One with bells will help you keep track of his whereabouts. As soon as he becomes used to it (this will take two or three days), attach a light lead and let him drag it about. This helps reduce any wildness or fear many young pups show when first on a lead. After a few days pick up one end of the lead and hold it loosely while you walk around the yard or home. Don't try to pull or direct the dog; all you want to do now is to acquaint him with this limited check on his freedom. The secret here, as in all training, is to remember to talk to him. At first he may be confused about his role in this exercise. If he strains at the lead or chews on it, correct him by saying no. If he persists, accompany no with a quick jerk on the lead. As soon as he understands what you expect of him, he'll try to comply, because dogs, like children, basically want to please you. When he is good, let him know by scratching his ears and praising him.

Next your dog must learn to sit at your command. Again, this is a puppy exercise, so have patience with him. Stand stationary, holding the lead in one hand. As you say *sit*, press down on his hindquarters with the other. If the dog lies down instead, grasp the loose skin at his neck as shown above and pull up until he is sitting (this won't hurt him). Repeat the command *sit*. Since you have now added another word to his vocabulary, don't confuse the puppy by varying the command—and don't weaken it by also using his name. Praise him as soon as he sits. By the time your pup is 3 months old, he should have mastered this exercise. Now he will be ready to learn the more advanced lessons that follow.



PRESSING DOWN on hindquarters to make the dog sit from standing position is shown by Harland Meistrell, who accompanies action with command *sit*. Pup should be on loose lead.

FIRST FORMAL TRAINING



Beginning the sit-stay

The most important exercise you can teach your dog is to sit and stay on command. Once he learns this, you can leave him anywhere and know he will be there when you return. Wait until he is at least 3 months old before beginning the sit-stay. Your puppy should now recognize his name, be familiar with the lead and respond to the simple command *sit*. Use a longer lead (six to eight feet) than normal so you and the dog can move freely. Holding the slack loosely in the right hand, walk the dog briefly, then bring him in as close to your left foot as possible. Give the command *sit*. As soon as he sits, reward him by stroking his head (don't pat—few dogs appreciate being thumped on the head). Now shift the lead to the other hand and swing forward in a half-circle so that you are facing the dog. Give the command *stay*. At the same time bring your right hand—fingers together, palm forward—to the dog's nose to block his moving ahead. Keep all motions smooth. If your pup drops his head, repeat *stay* and tap him lightly under chin. Follow by again bringing your hand to his nose. Avoid excessive correction by anticipating your dog's errors and rewarding him *before* he has time to commit them. In this way he will associate pleasure with doing what you want. Repeat several times, then let pup romp briefly before undertaking the remainder of exercise (see next page).

PRELIMINARY SIT-STAY begins with dog in sit position. The trainer faces dog, holding lead in the left hand. On the command *stay*, he brings palm to dog's nose, preventing any break from sit position.

CONTINUED



INTERMEDIATE STAGE begins with dog in the initial sit-stay position. Holding the lead loosely above dog's head for minimum control, trainer walks slowly in a circle, repeating the command *stay* whenever necessary.

Completing the sit-stay

Once your dog has mastered the preliminaries on the preceding page, he must learn to remain in the stay position even when you are not present. Repeat the initial exercise. Then, with lead in your left hand, straighten to a standing position and walk slowly around the dog. If he stands too, start again. Help him along by repeating the command *stay*, and be careful not to confuse him by jerking or pulling on the lead. Now drop the lead and go through the exercise exactly as before. As you move around the dog, increase each circle until you are about 10 feet away from him. After a rest, again run through the initial sit-stay, only this time, instead of walking around the dog, turn away from him and walk about five feet. Watch him over your shoulder, saying *stay* when necessary. With each successive run-through increase the distance between you and the dog until you can actually leave the room without his moving. It will take at least four training sessions and a maximum of patience to teach your dog this exercise. But once he has learned it, you will be able to leave him alone, in a parked car, in somebody else's home—or anywhere—with the confidence that he will stay on your command.



FINAL STAGE introduces the dog to working off lead. On *stay*, trainer walks away, reinforcing command by moving arm toward dog to stop him from breaking or following.

Learning to walk at heel

Taking your dog for a walk should be fun for you and for him. It certainly won't be if he pulls and fights on the lead, or—if he is a big dog—literally drags you behind him. Nor does he have to be a show dog to learn to walk at heel obediently in about three lessons. Begin with the dog in a sit position on your left. With the end of the lead in your right hand, put your left hand close to his collar to direct him. On the command *heel*, walk forward. A fast pace will keep the dog alert and his attention from wandering. When you stop, say *sit* immediately and follow with praise. Once your dog learns this much, he will no longer need the guidance of your hand near his collar. If you have a large breed, such as the Rhodesian ridgeback being trained here, use a chain choke-collar during training to prevent his breaking away from you. Keep dog close to your left side as you walk. Always maintain a firm grip with both hands on the lead but do not hold it taut. Should the dog lunge forward, one short jerk on the lead is much more effective than a long, weak pull. If he continues to pull, stop, bring the lead up short, and say no. Enforce this correction when necessary by slapping across the forequarters with the end of the lead. Never let any dog, especially a big dog, intimidate or take advantage of you. And always remember that tone of voice in correction is more important than volume. Your dog will be happier, and so will you, when he learns to obey your commands.



WALKING BRISKLY to sustain the dog's interest, trainer holds lead loosely in his right hand, keeps left hand on lead near collar to help guide dog as he vocally encourages him to heel.

JERKING SHARPLY on the lead when dog breaks, Meistrell shows the best hand position for maximum control (*below*) during advanced stage of exercise, and relaxed lead on choke-collar.

REWARDING DOG at the end of the exercise, trainer brings him to sit position close to left leg, strokes dog's head to show approval.



NEXT WEEK: ADVANCED LESSONS

In Part II, Mrs. Meistrell joins her husband to show you how to break your dog of bad habits, teach him some advanced lessons and a few tricks

Men behind the x factor

Two top sailmakers may decide the issue as the evenly matched America's Cup defenders begin racing in the Preliminary Trials

ERNEST RATSEY, sailmaker extraordinary, is an enthusiastic and outgoing man but, as head of the famous sailmaking firm of Ratsey & Lapthorn, he is being fairly cautious these days about visitors to the company sheds on City Island, New York. "We've got the new America's Cup cloth out here," he said recently, "and we don't want any of it turning up in England where the *Sceptre* people can get a look. If a

British chemist were given a piece of this stuff, he'd have a pretty good lead on what we're doing."

No one who knows the importance of sails in a race like the America's Cup will think this cloak-and-dagger attitude exaggerated. Nor is the drama in any way diminished by the fact that the sails for *Sceptre* are being made by Ernest's brother and cousins at Ratsey & Lapthorn, Ltd., of England. Ernest himself knows that among yachts as evenly matched in hull design and crews as the 12-meters competing off Newport this September, sails could be the deciding factor. And right now, as the American contenders head into the Preliminary Trials at Newport this weekend, the battle of the sailmakers is in full swing.

Ratsey & Lapthorn have made the sails for the American defender in the last four cup races, and they don't intend to miss having their sails in this one. But a young Marblehead sailmaker named Ted Hood is going to turn the trials into a duel as far as sailmaking is concerned. Of the four American contenders, *Columbia* has practically all Ratsey sail, *Enderner* has all Hood, while *Vix* and *Weatherly* have split their orders. (The only other sailmakers with a stake in the matches are Ken Watts of Torrance, Calif., who has three sails on *Columbia*, and Louis Larsen of New York City and Wally Ross of Islip, L.I., who have a couple of sails apiece on *Vix*.) Depending on who wins with whose sails, either Ratsey or Hood is going to be covered with glory.

Hood wasn't even in business when the last America's Cup race was run in 1937, but the firm of Ratsey &

Lapthorn is a venerable institution. They are descended from the British Ratsey & Lapthorn, which in turn goes back to George Rogers Ratsey, who set up shop on the Isle of Wight in 1790 and made a name for himself by making better sails than anyone else.

Back in 1815, for instance, the Ratsey-outfitted yacht *Watersick* made a monkey out of *Pantaleon*, a naval vessel of the same size. Admiral Sir Putney Malcolm thereupon ordered Ratsey brought in for an audience. "Ratsey," said Sir Putney, "I want you to tell me what there is in your sails that makes them superior to all the fleet." As great-great-grandson Ernest now tells the story, old George Rogers smiled, cleared his throat and said nothing.

"Hell," says Ernest in chuckling over his ancestor today, "they didn't think he was going to give away his patterns, did they?"

When the firm branched out to the States in 1902, it started right in at the top. The first order was a batch of sails for J. P. Morgan's *Corsair* (the fourth generation of Morgans is still on the company books). Things have been going that way ever since.

"Canvas," said Ernest, speaking of the new cup sails recently, "is out. As it is for all sailboats nowadays. Synthetics are in."

The synthetics used at Ratsey & Lapthorn come from Sol Lampport, head of the Sail Fabric Division of Alexander Lampport and Brother, New York. Lampport directs the finishing processes (heat, pressure, chemicals) that make the woven synthetic into sailcloth. About a year and a half ago, Ratsey and Lampport started out together on a development program that culminated in the new fabric whose chemical makeup the Ratseys are guarding so carefully today.

"We tried all kinds of things," said Ernest. "The process starts at DuPont. We get them to change some of



CRITICAL STUDY of *Columbia's* sails occupies crewmen during early shakedown.



OLD HAND at sailmaking, Ernest Ratsey, developed a new cloth for cup defense.



NEW FACE on the sailmaking crowd, Ted Hood, is Ratsey's challenger in trials.

the variables in their fiber, and then Sol Lampport works on it and comes up here with a bolt. If we don't like it, we send it back. In five months we made advances that would normally take us three years."

Thirty years ago, before synthetic cloth was even a possibility, Manfred Curry, a pioneer theorist in sail design, wrote in his famous *The Aerodynamics of Sails*, "I am convinced that if a sail could be given a coat of varnish . . . it would prove much superior with regard to surface friction . . ." In short, the slicker the sail the more power it would give. What Lampport and Ratsey were looking for was something even slicker than current synthetics.

AN AIRFOIL IN THE SAIL

Not only did this new cloth need to be slippery, but it had to hold shape. A sailboat which needed only to run with the wind could use sails as flat as a board and still be carried along rather nicely but, to sail a boat into the wind, a curved sail with a proper belly is needed. "What you do," said Ernest Ratsey, "is build an airfoil shape into the sail and hope that it will stay. If it goes out of shape the sail loses its drive. But the stuff we've developed now is a vastly superior synthetic. We're calling the cloth Defender."

Sol Lampport, a natural-born worrier, did as much testing as he could on the new fabric, but he cautions, "You don't know until you sail them." Since Lampport doesn't sail himself, he entrusted the first test sail to his 15-year-old son Ken who went out in a frostbite regatta off Centerport, L.I., and took four firsts and a second with it last February.

"Fantastic! Excellent!" said Sol. With regard to the heavier material he has made for the cup boats, however, he would like to reserve judgment. "Those cup boats will give them three years of wear in two months by sailing six or eight hours a day, and we'll see what happens," he said.

Whatever happens, a lot of money will be going into sail. Ernest Ratsey, whose firm, among other things, put up a \$4,000 mast to try out new sails on dry land, recently was willing to estimate that by the end of the trials, each boat will have cost her owners from \$25,000 to \$40,000 in sails. "But remember," said Ernest, "this is only about 10% of the total costs on each boat, so it is not unreasonable at all."

"The best thing about all this is that the small boats will get the benefit, starting next year. The cloth is frightfully expensive now, of course, but it will come down."

While Ernest Ratsey has been publicly predicting great sails to come, Ted Hood has scarcely been quoted in newspaper. This is because Hood is about as unlike the ebullient Ernest—or any other sailmaker, for that matter—as he can be.

Marblehead's sailmaker is a quiet, self-assured young fellow of 31 who took the men's North American national sailing championships two years ago. As sailmakers go, he has little history and no tradition. He started in by making his own racing sails for fun, then decided he could make a living at it and went into business in 1950. He now has 20 men working for him, each one trained by himself. They work with Hood cloth, for Hood not only sews but he also

weaves, and this makes him unique in the trade.

When Ted Hood made the decision to do his own cloth, a sailing writer pointed out that it would make just as much sense for a man in the news profession to start building his own typewriter, but Hood brushed off this kind of logic. He got two old looms from a cotton mill and a former employee of the mill to help him run them. Neither man knew anything about the weaving of synthetic fiber, so a couple of years went by before they had much success. Finally, by hard labor and all the reading they could get their hands on concerning the subject, they began to turn out fabric Hood liked.

Since then, Hood's sails have been a success story. Some of the best racing men swear by him. Double Bermuda Winner Carleton Mitchell is one—*Fishierre's* famous red top spinnaker is a Hood sail.

As the time for the America's Cup approached, most people figured that Hood might get the *Easterner* order, being right there in Marblehead. But not so many realize that Hood today is also making a full set for *Vix* and *Weatherp*, too.

"Everyone," says Ted with a mild grin, "seems to think that Ratsey is doing all the work. Everyone but me."

Hood wove his own, he says, because he felt that the cloth he could get in 1952 was unreliable. Commercial cloth has come a long way since but, privately, Ted thinks that he still has an edge. He has a champion in Leonard Fowle of the *Boston Globe*. Fowle growled in a recent sailing column that, concerning the rumor of "a new synthetic fabric which outdoes any existing sailcloth . . . our scouts report that in a recent trial Ted Hood's 'home-woven' . . . tests better than this so-called super-fabric. . . ."

This sort of back-and-forth will go on until this weekend when the boats go down to the line for the first time and the facts start to take over.

Until then, the sailmakers are going to spend a lot of time on the boats (Ted Hood is a regular member of the *Vix* crew anyway) making sure there is nothing that can be done to make the sails work harder.

"It's going to be a question of living with the sails," said Ernest Ratsey. "Ease a little here and take in a little there. It's perfectionist's work. Nothing is too good."

END

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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

A gallop for fitness

44

A mock ride on a sawhorse is an ideal way to make arms firmer

This week Bonnie transforms the sawhorse into something like a real horse for the fourth of a series of exercises. This one is particularly important in our present mechanized life, where the arms and hands are seldom used for anything more strenuous than pushing a button. Your first try will probably result in a quick bounce followed by a collapse onto the horse, but after a while you will be able to do it as demonstrated.



Sit astride horse, gripping cross-bar with both hands. Raise your body, support weight on hands, bending knees. Hold 10 seconds.

With body held in the raised position, straighten legs and maintain balance as long as you can. Then repeat the entire exercise.



Sizzler in the cold

All-round quality made hot competition to warm chill nights at Grosse Pointe's show

ON the first night of summer at the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club show, Michigan's largest and most elegant event for saddle horses, Judge Bill Cunningham inelegantly donned long underwear under his dinner clothes. It was cold—cold enough to make spectators reach for winter coats—but the class that Cunningham was about to decide upon was genuine high-temperature competition, the five-gaited amateur stake. Although 11 mares and geldings answered the call, it was clearly a two horse contest: Dodge Stables' gelding Socko, ridden by 16-year-old Judy Johnson, vs. the mare Dream Waltz, a onetime world's grand champion and former stablemate of Socko, owned and ridden by 18-year-old Judy Marks. The two Judys on those particular two horses had met only once before—last year—and the mare was victorious that time. Thus the best saddle-horse class of the show had added excitement of a long-awaited rematch.

The riding was worthy of the occasion. Both girls put their horses through their gaits with the skill and determination of professionals, but after five gaits in each direction Judge Cunningham was still undecided. He called them out for a second look. He saw both working fast and in form, but he also saw Dream Waltz in some trouble with a canter lead (a weakness a different horse of Judy's had also shown earlier). That helped do it. Socko had evened the score and was the amateur five-gaited champion of the Grosse Pointe show.

Last fall, after years of fine performances, Socko seemed to have run out of steam. The time had come, a good many horsemen then thought, to let him rest on his laurels, and Socko, as ageless as Satchel Paige,

had collected enough of those to make quite a luxuriant mattress. But Trainer Earl Teater wasn't so sure. He called in a veterinarian who found the blood count way down. The little gelding was sick. So, for the first time in five years Socko got a real vacation on pasture, vitamins and plenty of rest. At Grosse Pointe the vacation paid off. Socko also showed that his peace of mind was as good as his pace: while Judy Johnson bubbled with joy and Judy Marks dried her tears, he stretched out and went to sleep.

PRACTICIOUS AND SPECTACULAR

A bit of Socko's poise would have worked wonders in the junior three-gaited stake, which was noteworthy for the fact that the riders seemed to spend about as much time on the ground as in the saddle. While horses balked, shied and reared all over the ring, show officials thumbed over the rule book to check the "bad manners" definition but decided it was equally a question of bad riding. "Line them up any way you want—just any way you can!" pleaded the announcer when the judging was finally over. Carmelita Emerald, owned and ridden by Mrs. A. E. Knowlton of Delaware, Ohio, came out the winner, her spectacular moments canceling her fractious behavior. "If that lady really learns to ride her," sighed one spectator enviously, "that mare could be the greatest walk trot out since Roxie Highland."

If the saddle horses starred, Grosse Pointe was, nevertheless, a well-balanced horse show. There were quality hunters, too, in all divisions. Most of the hunter classes were held in the daytime over the outside course and in the red-and-white-decked ring, and in the daylight it was perfect horse show weather—crisp and sunny. Fifteen-year-old Laurie Ratliff's Little Sombrero won most of the working-hunter classes and the championship but missed out on the working-hunter appointment class. That was won by 21-year-old Barbara Von



PLEASED PAIR, Judy Johnson and Socko, were best of the amateur combinations.

Hoffman's post-entered mare, Star-Ridge. One of the judges studying Barbara as she received Alfred R. Glancy Jr.'s handsome trophy, a 19th century English silver wine ewer, complete with champagne, remarked in a puzzled voice, "That little girl was wearing everything she should have, but somehow none of it seemed to fit very well." Later, in happy tears, Barbara confessed—all her clothes were borrowed finery. What was more, her mare was in foal.

In the conformation-hunter division, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Pettibone's Duke of Paeonian was an easy champion—his sixth such title this year. A few years ago when Pettibone, a New Englander and no horseman, retired from the lumber business to Virginia, he was persuaded that he ought to have a horse. He didn't like to ride—his first and last encounter ended with a broken arm—but he did like to look at them. He enlisted the professional eye of Robert Kerns, and they bought his first horse—the Duke of Paeonian—from Liz Lunn. A college student, Betty Beryl Schenk, started to show him in ladies' classes, and the two got along so well that she now shows him in all events over fences. Mr. Pettibone is still content to just watch, but unlike many tyros he really has something to see.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Always give a good answer

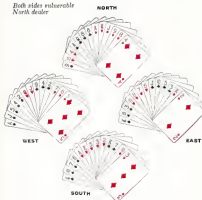
IN RECENT TIMES we have observed a tendency on the part of the vast body of players to overemphasize the new and exotic conventions in contract bridge. Every new bidding device is warmly embraced by the very players who are notoriously neglectful of some of the simple conventions of card play that might be translated into thousands of points on the score sheet.

It is extraordinary how many players muddle through a lifetime of bridge without acquainting themselves with such an important convention of defensive play as which card to select when returning the suit partner has led.

If the leader's partner originally held two or three of the suit, he returns the top card remaining; if he started with four or more, he should return the card which was originally his fourth best. The precise information conveyed by this convention was put to excellent use by the defenders in this crucial deal.

North's rebid of two diamonds has the endorsement

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: spade 4

of this department. Players reluctant to make a minimum rebid might choose the call of two clubs, but we do not approve of showing a four-card suit before rebidding a six-carder. Many players stand in fear of being dropped prematurely if their rebid has a slightly discouraging ring. Actually, if South subsides after North's two-diamond rebid, the combined hands will hardly rate to produce game. South, however, was strong enough to persist to game in spite of North's warning that he had a 6-4 distribution with nothing to contribute in spades and hearts.

West's spade opening was won by East's king. East returned the 8, South covered with the 10, and West was called upon to render the crucial decision which would make or break the defense.

Although the second trick was not yet completed, West had sufficient data at his disposal to play with absolute certainty. East cannot have held the king and queen of spades or his first play would have been the queen. Neither can he have begun with four spades, for his return card—the 8-spot—could not be his original fourth best. However, East must have another spade, otherwise South would have a five-card suit which he surely must have mentioned at some time during the auction. So, after playing the 10 of spades, South remains with the queen and one other card, providing him with a sure stopper. Finally, East must have the king of diamonds—if for no other reason than that unless he holds it there is no hope to defeat the contract.

West's proper play, if the defense is to prevail, demands that he leave East with a spade for communication purposes. So West allowed declarer's 10 of spades to hold the second trick.

It was abundantly clear to South what West was up to, but what could South do about it? He could not make the game without the diamond suit, and when he finessed for the king he lost the trick to East. The lead of East's remaining spade trapped declarer's queen, and the defenders collected four spades and one diamond trick to break the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

South did miss a trick, although in this instance it would not have helped. If West had the king of diamonds, declarer could well afford to make him a present of a trick, for the spade queen was safe unless East got the lead. Therefore, declarer's first lead should have been a diamond to dummy's ace! The forlorn chance that East held the blank king was well worth the possible loss of an unimportant overtrick.



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Water, color and sun

**Winslow Homer captured the carefree
summer life of children by the sea**

THE ADVENTUROUS play of children on a warm summer's day variously stirs watching adults to alarm, annoyance or a loving understanding of the delights at hand. This last was certainly true of Winslow Homer, who felt a special sympathy with youthful pastimes, be it an active game of snap-the-whip or the more tranquil pursuits shown on these pages. Homer, who is perhaps best known for his paintings of the Adirondacks (SI, Sept. 6, '54) and the Bahamas, devoted many of his works to the childhood scene. These bright watercolors were done in 1880 when he took up residence with the lighthouse keeper on Ten Pound Island in Gloucester harbor. There he remained, painting the summer life around him in watercolors instead of conventional oils, never leaving except occasionally to row ashore for supplies. Although New England has changed since Homer's time, summer artists still find the children, sunshine and sea which so entranced their distinguished predecessor.



Homer (2) See Arts, Boston

'UNDER A WHARF'

In Gloucester harbor children play in the shallow water. This painting and the one above now hang in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.



'THE GREEN DORY'

Four children fish for crabs in Gloucester harbor. The freshness and transparency of color in this picture, probably also painted about 1880, are typical of Homer's technique at that period.



Beware of the bears

The warning may seem superfluous but, as our national park rangers know, tourists tend to forget bears are wild

THE MOST mysterious trait of the great American tourist is the steadfast refusal to regard the bears in the national parks as wild animals.

If a bear walked into a man's backyard the householder would barricade himself inside in terror, phone the police, bawl out the mayor and write an indignant letter to his Congressman. But let that same man and his family take to the highways of some national park and, likely as not, they will ignore warnings, regulations and fines and go up and embrace the first bear they see as though it were some long lost relative.

Visitors to the national parks have done things to and with bears that would make a thoughtful man's hair curl. Take the ranger in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park who came upon this family scene. The man was holding his small boy on the back of a full-grown black bear while his wife stood out front snapping pictures with carefree abandon. When the ranger drove off the bear with his three-foot bear stick and asked the man what in thunderation he thought he was doing, the man informed the ranger that these bears were tame and berated him for spoiling their fun.

Most accidents result from feeding the bears. The tourist hands the bear half of his sandwich and then becomes terror-stricken when the bear advances to get the other half. If the tourist doesn't let go his half real quick he is apt to have his arm ripped

open. Many of these accidents are not reported to park officials because the victims know they were violating the law by getting chummy with a bear in the first place.

Many visitors to the Smokies spread their picnic lunches right on the shoulder of the highway. A bear comes along, chases family after family into their cars and helps himself to one spread after another. Few of these people get sore at the bear. To have a bear eat your lunch is something to talk about when you get home. The bears are the greatest attraction in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Women have broken into tears when their visit ended without seeing a bear.

Motorists get into a frenzy when bears appear along the highway. Leaving their cars, they rush for the bear with food and cameras. Sometimes they forget to set their brakes and the car goes rolling down the mountainside. One time a Texan was driving through the park when his car was struck by another. He jumped out to raise sand but was nonplused to find there was nobody in the other car. Its owner was somewhere up the hill watching a bear.

Bears who leave their pursuit of natural foods in the forest to take up a life of easy handouts along the highways soon associate automobiles with food. Many a car left open has been invaded. In a western national park a man returned to his car to find a bear rummaging around in the back seat. The man stood by, wondering what to do about it. He watched as the bear climbed over into the front seat and continued its search for grub. The problem was solved when the bear sat down on the steering wheel and sounded the horn.



HOODE MUSCLES IN (B), FEB. 14, 1966

The scared bear came out of the car but took the front door with him. The man watched as the bear ran down the mountain with the car door draped around its neck. The man was still wondering what to do about it.

Hunters write harrowing tales of experiences with bears but the tourist likes to pet them. Once I was in the headquarters of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park when a group of girls in their early teens came in with a protest. Their leader was a young lady in shorts and pony tail who could not have been much older than her charges. They explained to the ranger on duty that they had obeyed all the rules and had kept their food locked in the car, but a bear came and tore their tent anyway. They thought this was unfair of the bear and wanted to know if it would be all right if they threw rocks at the bear and chased him away.

When a bear gets too bold along the highway it is caught in a wheeled trap made from six-foot sections of corrugated culvert pipe baited with meat bones or honey. The trap is hitched behind a truck and the bear is hauled to some remote point 25 or 30 miles away and released. But it takes him only a few days to make his way back to his happy hunting ground among the tourists.

The National Park Service would not think of getting rid of the bears, because the people love them so. But park officials dream of the day when tourists will treat bears as wild animals. It seems, though, that that day will never come. The tourist's yearning to get cozy with a wild bear remains the most mysterious trait of the species. **END**

Photographs by David Goodnow

- 4 Typical national park scene shows cute mama bear and cub begging handout from fascinated tourist. The logical result: mama bear sights food, seeks same.

Midseason report

A quick rundown at halftime of the year's achievements and disappointments, team by team



DUREN

YANKEES

Despite sub-par hitting (though Yankee hitting can be sub-par without being weak), New Yorkers trotted off to huge early lead, opened it to 11 games at midseason. They did this on superb pitching by Turley, Ford, Larsen (combined record: 29-8), though highly effective and totally unanticipated aid from speedball Relief Pitcher Ryne Duren, whose 1.38 ERA is lowest in league, was—for other teams, at any rate—the crusher. Yankee Stadium attendance was down (*see box*) despite great performance, because crowds are attracted by: 1) competition, and Yanks had no competitors; 2) heroes, and Yankee heroes of the big bat (Mantle, Berra, *et al.*) were doing nothing to get excited about. At halfway point unsung Yanks like Siebern and Bauer were beginning to rip ball; all signs pointed to a last-half hitting surge and the easiest Yankee pennant since Joe McCarthy's 1941 team won by 17 games.



CERV

ATHLETICS

Adroit trading over past couple of years by General Manager Parke Carroll (41 players were involved in his big, publicized deals with Yanks, Tigers, Indians) produced an unspectacular team (only the powerful home-run hitter Bob Cerv is a real star) but a nicely balanced one whose midseason record is nine full games better than last year's (38-37 over 29-46). This new balance rests on Cerv's slugging, tighter defense, able pitching by oldsters Murry Dickson (6-3) and Ned Garver (8-5) and Harry Craft's sound managerial hand on the helm.



WILLIAMS

RED SOX

Sox are in usual position: first division but well behind Yankees. Bad fielding has aggravated weak pitching and both nullify Red Sox hitting. Despite springslumps by Williams and Malzone, Boston leads league in runs scored, has four top-flight run producers in these two, plus Jensen, Gernert. If defense (134 runs worse than the Yankees) improves, Sox should finish second. But... onetime Yankee-killer Nixon is 1-7, key starter Brewer 3-7. Ike Delock (7-0, one of best ERAs in league) has been drafted from bullpen to start.



TIGER

TIGERS

When perennial disappointments sank into cellar in June, uneasy front office fired Manager Jack Tighe, hired Bill Norman. Team won nine of first 11 games for Norman, including a delightful six straight from Yankees. Attendance soared, all problems seemed solved. But after that initial surge, club subsided into familiar .500 pattern, lost all but one game of ground on Yanks. Midseason's 37-37 was match for last year's 38-39. Main fault: Tigers, first in team batting average but fifth in runs scored, still lack clutch hitters.



SCORE

INDIANS

Herb Score, a decent fellow, has nonetheless been responsible for two Cleveland managers being fired inside a year. His terrible eye injury last season sidelined him, left him with 2-1 record that was no help to Indians or Kerby Farrell. This

season he strained elbow on April 30, hasn't pitched since. His 2-2 mark has been no help to Indians or Bobby Bragan. Farrell and Bragan were fired, Joe Gordon now manages, Frank Lane has turned over two-thirds of the team (only eight men remain from last year's roster), and Indians still languish in second division. If they had a healthy Score all season and a healthy Vic Wertz (over 100 RBIs two years running, then a broken ankle in spring training) and if Larry Doby had got over his miseries earlier, Indians would probably be second, with Bragan in line for Manager of the Year.



DONOVAN

WHITE SOX

Flop of year, Chicago's 36-39 record is 10½ games off 47-29 of year ago, when Sox were a good second, only three games behind Yankees. Sox took an all-out gamble on pitching in hopes of catching Yanks, but gamble looks bad. This lightly powered, fleet-footed team was not expected to score a great deal, but management certainly expected more runs than they've received thus far. And the sterling silver pitching is sadly tarnished. Donovan, whose 16-6 was best in league last year, is 3-10, and big five (Donovan, Pierce, Wynn, Wilson, Moore) has combined record of 31-30 (Yank big three is 29-8). Manager Al Lopez, a percentage man, started big five in 70 of 75 games, waits patiently for pendulum, which insists this is great stuff, to swing in his favor. Team is terribly inconsistent: slump two weeks, spurt one, fiddle around .500 another two.



PILAREK

ORIOLES

Except for one agonizing eight-game losing streak in May, Orioles have played sound and consistent .500 ball, which is all they really aspired to this season. Aside from that eight-gamer, longest winning and losing streaks have halted at three. Airtight pitching and fielding explain steadiness; awful hitting (way last in averages, extra-base hits, runs scored) is reason club doesn't go higher. RBI-man Bob Nieman is injured. Al Pilearik, limping along at .239 with just 12 runs batted in, is grave disappointment.

AMERICAN LEAGUE	PREDICTED FINISH	CURRENT STANDING	RUNS SCORED TO MIDYEAR 1967	1968	RUNS ALLOWED TO MIDYEAR 1967	1968	ATTENDANCE TO DATE OVER LAST YEAR
New York	1	1	359	353	257	238	-29,765
Kansas City	7	2 (tie)	295	330	345	351	-63,108
Boston	4	2 (tie)	379	354	312	343	-83,806
Detroit	3	4	275	307	298	290	+53,312
Cleveland	5	5	322	345	362	344	-42,874
Chicago	2	6	316	300	265	311	-123,334
Baltimore	6	7	309	240	382	265	-101,566
Washington	8	8	298	302	432	389	+53,394
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Milwaukee	1	1	356	314	291	379	-63,471
San Francisco	6	2	331	387	378	347	+240,656
St. Louis	3	3	353	305	324	323	+9,100
Philadelphia	5	4	309	305	314	341	-120,000
Chicago	8	5	326	381	385	346	+17,859
Cincinnati	4	6	305	338	341	313	-93,010
Pittsburgh	7	7	289	324	354	326	+160,337
Los Angeles	2	8	324	326	370	395	+550,437



PEARSON

SENATORS

Things seemed to be working out well for the Senators this year—the tiniest rookie, Albie Pearson, came through in acceptable fashion in center field; Bridges and Plews provided surprisingly good hitting; Slevens and Lemon hit home runs steadily—but in June the truth caught up. Washington lost 18 of 23 games coming to midseason and plummeted out of the seven-team tie-up chasing the Yankees. Pitching was to blame. Never really good, it declined from mediocrity to chaos: rivals won by scores like 10-1, 10-2, 9-2, 12-11, 10-5, 11-3, 13-2.



COVINGTON

BRAVES

Braves have been stumbling along in National League pennant race, yet came to the halfway point in first place. On May 17 team had 17-8 record, half-game lead.

Next six weeks saw dawdling 22-20 pace, but lead opened to 3½. Then came July drought when Braves, scoring average of less than one run per game, lost five in row and just barely kept grasp on first place. But, everyone says, if team can hold onto lead playing like that, they'll run away with pennant once they straighten out. Trouble is, maybe they can't. Injuries hit Bruton, Covington, Buhl,

Schoendienst. Outfield is thin (at one point infielders Adcock, Mantilla, Hanabrink comprised starting trio). Aaron and Mathews hit occasional game-winning homers, but over-all are disappointing. Secondary pitching, McMahon, Jay, Willey, Johnson, Robinson, has been bulwark of team.



CEPEDA

GIANTS

Marvelous run-producing team, Giants lead league in hits, runs, RBIs, stolen bases, are at or near top in doubles, triples and home runs. But wonderful early surge

—sparked by grand-looking rookies (Cepeda, Davenport, Schmidt, Kirkland), rejuvenated veterans (Spencer, O'Connell, Sauer, Jablonick), and the hot-and-cold Willie Mays—has ground to halt. Club hit peak May 25, day of great fight in Pittsburgh. Then 26-13, first by 2½ games, Giants skidded to 15-23 gait, held second one game out only because of pedestrian pace of Braves. Erratic pitching (Gomez hasn't won since the fight) hurts.



FLOOD

CARDINALS

Cards have had two seasons this year. In one, ending May 8, they were 3-14, in eighth place, eight games behind Milwaukee. In other, still under way, they're 34-21, best in league and pressing in

on first-place Braves. In that bad start, fielding was poor, pitching worse, hitting ineffective (seventh in runs scored, despite Musial's fabulous .529 average). Changes have been made. Young Curt Flood was put in center, Ken Boyer on third, Ed Kaslo at short. Al Dark was traded for Jim Brosnan, Rookie Gene Green became big hitter, Sal Maglie was bought from Yanks. Big difference has been in defense, since Cards still don't score (tied for last in runs, last in homers). Steady starters are Mizell, Jones, McDaniel, Brosnan, Maglie, backed by sound Relievers Jackson, Paine, Muffett. If Fred Hutchinson can shuffle Cards into run-producing lineup, then they, rather than Braves, may run away with pennant.



BOUCHEE

PHILLIES

Sudden seven-game win streak focused attention on Phils at midseason, as club moved from seventh up through league to first division. Streak coincided with Ed Bouchee's return; his hitting helped win at least two of the games and should continue to provide runs-batted-in power so badly needed by run-poor (lowest in league) Phils. An extraordinary "five-man" pitching staff has heretofore been prime strength of team. Roberts, Sanford, Semprecht, Simmons started all but six of club's games, had most complete games in league. Dick Farrell (6-2, best ERA in majors) is finest relief pitcher in game.



DROTT

CUBS

Vice-President John Holland has been trading vigorously since he took over Cubs before 1957 season, with impressive results—for the moment, at least. Onetime patois, the Cubs now trail only Giants in scoring runs and in hitting homers. Except for one bad losing streak (six to Cards, one to Reds) in May, they've kept close to .500 mark all year. Banks, Walls, Moryn, Thomson, Long, Taylor are solid hitters. Fielding isn't too good, however, and pitching is much below hoped-for standard. But last year's rookie stars, Moe Drabowsky and Dick Drott, are just beginning to round into top form.

continued



ROBINSON

REDLEGS

When Reds rose out of dungeon of second division two years ago, they did it on broad backs of musclemen like Kluszewski, Post, Bell, Bailey, Robinson. Bat-pennant drive tripped on miserable pitching. Reds regrouped, recruited for pitchers (new ones this year include Haddix, Newcombe, Furkey, Schmidt, Kellner). From dead last in team ERA, Reds have advanced to efficient second. But the once frightening hitting retrogressed proportionately: no more Kila, no more Post, a slumping Bell, Bailey, Robinson. Result: Reds are worse off than last year, less exciting, drawing lots less people.



THOMAS

PIRATES

Curious team, composed of unknowns a year or so ago, is laced with stars now (same people, mostly, grown up) but is still fiddling near bottom of league. No real reason for it, either, except pitching went sour in June. Only one starter in 16 games before All-Star break could finish; team lost 12 of those 16 games, fell from third place to seventh. Thomas is a feared hitter, Mazzeroski a great second baseman, Groat a fine shortstop, Skinner, Virdee, Kluszewski, Clemente good hitters. But club has bad habit of making mistakes, loses games it should win.



HOOGES

DODGERS

People talk of the Dodgers' old men, like Hodges, Snider, Furillo and Reese, and lay blame for the shockingly bad play of Los Angeles club at their ancient feet. Truth is, the old Dodgers aren't the great players they used to be, but failure of the team lies not with age but youth. Preseason estimates of Dodgers stressed over and over again the "great, young pitching." But at midyear the pitching was by far the worst in the league: a team earned run average of close to five runs per game, unbelievably bad. So don't blame Pee Wee, don't blame Duke. Don't even blame the screen. **END**

BONUS BABY BLUES

Last January, 18-year-old Dave Nicholson signed a contract with the Baltimore Orioles and received \$105,000 for the effort. He thus became one of the best-endowed "bonus babies" in the history of baseball. The Orioles sent him to a Class B league in North Carolina, and this is a report on his progress:



On one hot and blowy day in Wilson, North Carolina recently the wealthiest boy in town sat in the restaurant just across from the railroad station and gazed glumly into his frosted lemonade. His big, square face was slack and his enormous fingers curled limply around the glass. From a jukebox far back in the restaurant came the soft suggestion that he had the whole world in his hands, but Dave Nicholson was looking more like someone who carried it on his shoulders.

For one thing, he was suffering his first professional batting slump. He was playing for the Class B Wilson Tobs and was striking out all over the Carolina League. He was 0 for 15 now and his average was down to .330. He hadn't hit a home run in a week. On top of this, his girl had gone back to St. Louis after a four-day visit, his weight had dropped from 234 to 204 pounds since coming to Wilson, he had seen all three movies in town, and the night before he had lost four dollars playing blackjack on the long bus ride from Danville.

The four dollars was the least of his worries. On top of his \$105,000 in January, he had collected two 1938 Pontiacs. One was for his father and the other, a red one, was parked out front.

"I can't hit anything," Nicholson complained, sunk deep in teen-age depression. "I'll foul off a couple. Then they'll get one by me. My luck's gone."

The night before, his manager had confided: "Nick'll be in the majors. I give him three-four years. He was scouted and we know what he can do. He can hit. He can field. He can throw. He can run. We put a stop watch on him the other day and he got to first base in 2.6 seconds. Maxile can only do a shade better than that."

Nicholson peered into his drink and slowly set the ice tinkling. "I got a letter from my mom today. She was mad because I didn't get home for a funeral. I couldn't do that. There wasn't any way I could get there. I wanted to, sure. But how could I? We only got three outfielders. Besides, my girl and her family had already started driving here from St. Louis." A brief pause. "I'd like to get married. Frank Zupo, he's the guy who hit that home run last night, he's married. Guess how old his wife is? She's 17."

His general manager's weathered voice had chirped through the telephone: "The whole team's down, we can't beat nobody. But Nick'll come around. Baltimore sent him down here so he could find himself. He'll do it."

Nicholson raised his big, bare arm and languidly drained the lemonade glass. "I opened the season with Knoxville. That was great. The bus they had didn't break down. The one they got here, something's always wrong with it. It was the generator last night. Before that the muffler fell off. Before that the axle broke. Everything's wrong down here. The lights are so lousy you can hardly see the ball. And the outfield's no good either. A ball bounces around like a football."

Then there had been that young team-mate, in the dark and musty dressing room, snatching although the Tobs had lost again: "Nick got an awful lot of money. It's a good thing he's a good guy. But he's going to be great. He never hit a 525-foot home run like they say he did. But you should see the one he hit down in Winston-Salem. Boy, he can hit that ball hard."

Nicholson sat there, blinking and cornered, fully aware of the confidence people had in him, fully aware after a few moments that there wasn't much else he could complain about. So he smiled, glanced at the watch on his ample left wrist and slipped toward the edge of the booth. "Come on, I'll give you a ride around town. There's nothing better to do."

—DUDLEY DOUST



AL MENGERT, Echo Lake Country Club, Westfield, N.J.

Tip from the Top

Hand position on the backswing

A GREAT MANY players make golf (which is a hard enough game to begin with) much harder for themselves when they break their wrists on the way back. About halfway through the backswing they lay their wrists off on a lateral plane, pushing the hands well behind the body in this same motion. This puts the golfer in an awkward and weak position. His clubhead, incidentally, is wide open. He has a terrible time on the downswing. He has to roll the wrists over and make many other adjustments in a small space of time in order to come into the ball. On the other hand, when your hands are properly positioned on the backswing you don't have to adjust them on the downswing, and this makes coming into the ball incomparably easier.

The average player, I think, falls into this incorrect hand and wrist movement on his backswing when he tries to flatten his swing with a deliberate action of the hands instead of "flattening" his swing with his shoulder turn. If most average golfers could study photographs of their swing, they would be amazed to see how often they make no appreciable shoulder turn going back. A proper shoulder turn, of course, affects many important aspects of the swing. Among other things, it takes good care of the hands: when you rotate your shoulders the full way, your hands just have to come up into the correct position.



NEXT WEEK: Lionel Hebert on driving down tight fairways

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BRITISH GOLF

continued from page 18

himself to people on this side by at once declaring that he would come back even if he had to swim the Atlantic to do it. During that visit he told me he had played in a tournament on this same course at Lytham with none other than Harry Vardon. Now, 35 years later, he marched briskly round for a qualifying 68 and his four rounds of 73, 73, 70, 72 gave him 288, only one above the last win-

made a bold bid with the first putt, missed the one back and, a few minutes later, on discovering the mournful truth that even a 5 would have tied, was heard muttering, "I could make good use of a bloody razor." The rest was climax followed by complete anticlimax. O'Connor and Ruiz, playing together last, were not, it seemed, going to make it, and all lay between Thomas and Thomson just in front. In tense silence Thomas holed his 30-inch putt to tie, and one of those who watched him was the

LEADING SCORES AT THE BRITISH OPEN

PETER THOMSON, AUSTRALIA	68	72	67	73	278*
DAVID THOMAS, WALES	70	68	66	71	276
CHRISTY O'CONNOR, IRELAND	67	68	73	71	279
ERIC BROWN, SCOTLAND	73	70	66	71	279
FLORY VAN DONCK, BELGIUM	70	70	67	74	281
LEOPOLDO RUIZ, ARGENTINA	71	65	72	73	281
GARY PLAYER, SOUTH AFRICA	68	74	70	71	283
ERIC LESTER, ENGLAND	73	66	71	74	284
HARRY MEETHAN, ENGLAND	73	67	73	71	284
HENRY COTTON, ENGLAND	68	76	66	72	284

* Thomson was playoff from Thomas 66, 71-130 to 69, 74-143

ning total at Lytham. He was given a great hand.

In the first round Thomson's 66 led from Christy O'Connor of Killybeg's 67 and Gary Player, Max Faulkner and that other great veteran, Henry Cotton, all at 68. At the halfway stage O'Connor moved to the top with 135, Thomas and Thomson were joined at 138, but between these at 136 there slipped this hitherto unknown figure of Leopoldo Ruiz, champion of the Argentine. An even mightier hitter than his compatriot De Vincenzo, Ruiz had recently completed one tournament round at Wentworth, taking an iron from every tee except one and having nothing bigger than a No. 6 for his second. At Lytham it transpired that he had gone out in 30—with a 6 in it. His figures were 2, 4, 3, 4, 2, 4, 6, 3, 2.

After three rounds it was Thomson 265, Thomas and Van Donck 267, O'Connor, Ruiz and Eric Brown 268. Brown's 65 included the last nine in 30—six 3s and three 4s. Having once done the first nine at St. Andrews in 30, he must be the only man who has done each nine in this ludicrous figure in an Open championship. Coming in first of the possible winners, Brown was left unknowing and unsuspecting with a 4 to win and a drive and a pitch with which to do it. Bunkered from the tee, he was nicely on in 3. He

walkie-talkie operator, who should have been on the 17th reporting on the last pair.

The misleading report was that both had a 2 to tie. (Once again thoughts went back, this time to Hagen, who with a 2 to tie on this very hole sent an official all the way up to the flag—and then hit his ball into a sand trap behind the green.) With no one paying too much attention, Ruiz drove into a bunker, stayed there a while and took 7, while O'Connor also bunkered, then missed from 15 feet for a 5. Then it transpired that each of them had needed only a 4 to tie.

In the replay Thomson shot away, six under fears after 14 holes, but Thomas hung on to finish in 69 against 68—two magnificent rounds. For 27 holes Dave held on, but a 3 against a 5 at the 28th settled it, and Thomson won by four shots. In his last seven British Open championship starts he has accumulated, at the age of 28, four wins and three seconds. He took Thomas under his wing three years ago, and the two have traveled tens of thousands of miles together, Thomas deliberately using his private resources to subject himself to the rigors of the American circuit rather than the common run of tournaments at home. Here is a young man who is determined to go places, and who, in my opinion, will.

END



Illustrations by
Mars Hornath

A TROUT FOR JAY

A noted author, encountering an ageless frustration, learns the rewards of perseverance through his son

by **ERSKINE CALDWELL**

WHAT would you do if you had not been fishing for 15 years and then one morning your 7½-year-old son said he had never really been fishing in his life and would you take him?

(We make no count of a day's deep-sea fishing off the Florida Keys where guides baited hooks, cast lines and caught most of the groupers for us.)

What I did that sweltering July morning in New York was to realize at once that it was doubtful if anything either of us could think of after that would take the place of a trip to some place in the United States

where the mountains were high and wooded and where tingling cold water soared down steep canyons. Colorado seemed to me to be the place that offered an ideal setting for an experience that might remain memorable as long as we lived. My youngest son and I had traveled together several times through the Rocky Mountains from Mexico to Canada, but never stopping to fish, and we knew that was where we wanted most of all to go now.

There are a surprising number of things a 7½-year-old-boy—blue-eyed,

tow-headed and good at catching butterflies—can think of doing between the time school is out in June and the time when it reopens in September. To begin with, Jay and I had planned to spend his summer vacation doing the things he wanted most of all to do before going back to Arizona for the reopening of school. Jay, who was to be a third-grader in public school in the fall, wished first of all to see baseball as it is played in the big leagues, and so we had spent a week in New York watching the Giants, the Yankees and the Dodgers, who were all still there then, commenting freely on their prospects of winning pennants. After a full week of baseball, we planned to drive first to Colorado, then to Utah to swim in

continued

Great Salt Lake and then to Nevada to go down into one of the world's largest open-pit copper mines. All these eventual excursions had been carefully plotted with a red crayon on a highway map of the United States, and Jay had designed and scheduled them so we would be certain to arrive home in Arizona no earlier than the day before school opened. And now Jay had proposed, since we planned to stop in Colorado anyway, that we go fishing while we were there. If I had been doing the planning myself, I could not have thought of anything with more appealing prospects at a time when we were surrounded night and day by the heat of a New York summer. And, besides, I wanted to find out what it was like to go fishing again after so long an interval.

The fishing trip that Jay and I got to talking about and making plans for that morning in New York is the kind of excursion into the Colorado Rockies that puts man and boy on their own, and then leaves you there for two days, without the company of professional guides, to try to figure out why a one-pound rainbow trout will eagerly take one man's hook and completely ignore another man's bait. We still do not know the answer to that question, but we spent two unforgettable days seeking it on mountain lakes and streams.

It was early August in the Rockies when we arrived at Colorado Springs to buy our fishing equipment. The sporting-goods store was stocked with probably some of the most expensive rods and reels to be found anywhere, as well as with some of the most exotic feathered flies imaginable. None of this was for us, though. We were plain, everyday, worm-bait fishermen, and we were going to outfit ourselves in keeping with our status.

In the rear of the store, beyond the spinning lures and backlash-proof casting reels, we selected two inexpensive rods, two reels, two lines, two boxes of split-shot sinkers, two floats, two packs of fishhooks, four leaders, one tackle box, one pocket knife, one can of earthworms and a five-day nonresident fishing license. That was all we purchased, and the bill amounted to \$19.43, tax included. Jay, being under 15 years of age, was not required to carry a fishing permit. As we left the store, each of us received a copy of Colorado's game laws and

were cautioned not to fish before 4 a.m. and after 8:30 p.m., the curfew hours then prevailing.

We went back to the hotel and spent most of the afternoon tying hooks, leaders and lines and talking about the best way to keep fishhooks from getting caught in clothing and in a boy's skin. Both of us soon got so excited over the prospect of actually going fishing, after having talked about the trip for the past two weeks, that if it had not been for a prolonged downpour of rain, we probably would have left Colorado Springs that same afternoon instead of waiting until the next morning.

WHILE sitting at the window handling our rods and watching the rain come down and thinking about the next day's trip, Jay asked where we were going to fish. This was something I had thought of only vaguely before, and so back to the sporting-goods store we went and asked for advice and suggestions. As anyone except novices like us probably would know without giving the matter second thought, the best Colorado trout fishing is generally believed to be found at Gunnison, Grand Lake and Steamboat Springs.

Even though we thought it wise to accept the recommendations of people who knew their fishing, those distances seemed to us to be too great for a two-day expedition, and so after a long, serious discussion involving insects, terrain and running and still waters we decided upon the Deckers region. Deckers, which is at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, is a fishing camp situated in the fork of South Platte River and Horse Creek and is about 45 miles northwest of Colorado

Springs and approximately 50 miles southwest of Denver. The steep canyon walls there are thickly wooded, and in August the nighttime temperature has dropped to as low as 33°.

The morning of our start we drove through Manitou Springs, Cascade, Green Mountain Falls and Woodland Park and were then on the west side of Pikes Peak in a country of alpine meadows and white pines. About halfway between Woodland Park and Deckers is Westcreek, and a mile from Westcreek is Slide Lake.

We had been told at the sporting-goods store that we should stop at Slide Lake on our way to Deckers to find out how trout were biting in still water. Judging by the way trout were breaking water when we got there, the lake appeared to offer the possibilities that many fishermen seek. There were five or six men sitting patiently on the steep banks of the lake with baited lines, and as many more were energetically fly casting. This looked like an ideal place for worm fishermen like us to do some real fishing in still water, and we hurried to Deckers, 10 miles farther west, to get down a deposit on a cabin for the night. We got there none too soon, even though it was only midmorning, as only one of the dozen or so log cabins remained unrented. We signed up without delay, left our duffel and suitcase in the pine log cabin named Peak Inn and hurried back to Slide Lake.

For reasons probably known only to those fortunate fishermen endowed with the innate lore of lake and stream, Slide Lake was almost completely deserted when we returned. We managed to hold the attention of one agitated fisherman from Indiana long enough to ask and find out that word had passed around that the fish were said to be striking in the South Platte at Deckers.

We opened our can of worms, thinking how fortunate we were to have the whole lake to ourselves, and selected two boulders at the water's edge where we could sit and fish contentedly. When it came time to bait our hooks, we discovered that there was not a single live earthworm in the can that once had contained a hundred wiggling bait. What had happened was that we had neglected to keep the earth in the tin can moist and cool. The worms had shriveled up and died.

Worm fishermen have little choice, or consolation either, at a time like that. We talked about, but decided

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Erskine Caldwell, who writes so movingly on these pages of a small experience with his son, will forever be remembered as the most prodigiously selling author of all time. *God's Little Acre* has sold nine million copies to date and is still going strong; worldwide sales of his 34 books together add up to over 50 million. *Tobacco Road* set records as a play, too, running for 3,286 performances on Broadway. His latest book, *Mellé Colonnati*, a children's story, was published last February, and a novel, *Clouds of Joy*, is scheduled to appear next January.





against, going off haphazardly and digging for worms in unfamiliar ground. Likewise, we decided that too much time would be lost if we went into the forest and turned over rocks for several hours in search of bait. And, besides, we were not at all confident that we could find enough worms for two days of fishing. Remembering the settlement we had seen nearby, we got into the car and drove to Westcreek. There were only two persons in the general store and post office, and the proprietor and his wife solemnly shook their heads when we asked if they had worms for sale.

We stood outside for a while, dejected and low in spirit, and tried to think of something we could do. Presently we heard children playing in an empty corral nearby. Wondering if they would consent to tell us where we might be able to find worms by digging or turning over rocks, we went to the corral. The children, ranging in age from 4 to 8, and probably knowing all about improvident fishermen from the city who did not know how to keep worms alive in a tin can, gig-

gled shyly at our predicament. Presently the oldest girl, a girl with shining brown hair, ran to a secret hiding place and came back within a few minutes with a large tin can filled with damp earth and worms. We were told by the children that they dug worms nearly every day in summer and sold them to people like us and that the going price was one cent a worm. The six of us agreed that the can probably contained a hundred worms. We gave the children a dollar and hurried back to Slide Lake.

At least an hour had passed while we were searching for bait, and when we reached the lake, there were no less than a dozen fishermen busily engaged in trying to take trout with worm or lure. Somebody, no doubt, had passed the word up and down the South Platte that the fish were striking at Slide Lake.

It was past noon by that time, and we were hungry, and so we decided to drive down the canyon to Deckers for sandwiches and then to come back as quickly as possible.

It was close to 2 o'clock when we

dropped baited hooks into Slide Lake for the first time. Fishermen came and went, the sun sank lower and lower and at 4 o'clock the customary afternoon thundershower arrived. During those two hours of fishing we had lost worm after worm to nibbling trout and had not a single catch. Soaked and dripping and shivering, we took in our lines, closed our rods, dampened our worms and drove slowly down Horse Creek Canyon to Deckers and dry clothing. The first thing we noticed when we reached the South Platte was a throng of hip-booted fishermen in the falling light of day casting with rhythmical skill over the roaring stream.

"Why is everybody fishing in the river now instead of in the lake?" Jay asked. "A little while ago everybody was busy fishing at the other place."

"Maybe it's because they think they'll be sure to catch some trout in the South Platte for their dinner," I told him.

"Then why don't we go out there now and fish in the river?"

"We'll do that tomorrow, son," I promised. "Right now we'd better put on dry clothes, and after that it'll be dark and time to go to the café and order two trout dinners."

When we got out of our car in front of Peak Inn, the fisherman who had rented the cabin across the road came up from the river with four or five one-pounders in his creel. He made a fire in the cabin's cookstove, and soon after that we could smell the cooking trout. Jay went to the porch and watched the blue wood smoke curl from the chimney across the way. Presently he came back and sat down on his bunk.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"Papa, I know why we didn't catch any fish today," he said.

"Why?"

"Because we rented the wrong cabin. That man who caught all those fish and cooked them has a cabin named Trout Inn."

"I guess that is what's called fisherman's luck," I said.

THE breakfast menu of the bar and café at Deckers featured, in heavy red print, the specialty of the house. This, of course, was rainbow trout. With firm determination we resisted the café's urgings to eat trout that somebody else had caught and ordered ham and buckwheat

continued

cakes instead. In the rising light of a new day we solemnly resolved to catch, and to eat, at least one trout before the 8:30 fisherman's curfew that evening.

After breakfast, with rods and tackle box and worms, we went upstream through the deep canyon of the South Platte looking for likely fishing pools. We walked along a trail for a while and then came back to Deckers and drove in the car along-side the river for several miles. Each time we saw water that gave promise of trout we stopped and fished for a while. Our worms were alive and wiggling, the pools were clear and deep and we were heartened each time we lost bait to nibbling trout. But at high noon when we went downstream to Deckers for sandwiches, we still had not made a single catch.

I was worried by that time, and Jay's disappointment was increasing. I admitted that probably we were too inexperienced in the ways of Colorado lake and river trout to be successful worm fishermen; nonetheless, I was firmly convinced that we were going to catch, somehow or other, at least one trout before 8:30 that night. When we finished eating our lunch, I was more worried and grimly determined than ever.

We made a short trip downstream, but most of the land bordering the river was posted and restricted, and so in midafternoon we turned back, still without a catch but hopeful of taking a fish from Slide Lake.

It was after 5 o'clock when we reluctantly gave up all hope of catching a fish in Slide Lake. Silently and morosely we took in our lines and started homeward. We had gone several miles when Jay mentioned the fact that we had passed several small lakes after leaving Colorado Springs the previous morning and asked if we could stop at one of them and try once more to catch the one trout that would make our trip a successful one. I myself had given up all hope and had accepted defeat but my son had not, and his youthful enthusiasm appeared to be as bright as ever.

We stopped at the first lake we came to, and at the next and the next. After that we had passed the town of Woodland Park, and from there the road went winding downward through Ute Pass for eight miles or more to Manitou Springs. This was

not the wild mountainous country of Deckers and the South Platte, but just the same, trout could be seen breaking water in the small lakes, and trout were trout wherever found at a time like that.

Just before we reached the eastern end of Ute Pass, and with only two small worms remaining in the can, Jay asked if he could make one more attempt to catch a trout before darkness and curfew came and put an end to our two-day fishing trip in the Rockies. We stopped at once.

Standing side by side at the water's edge while nightfall came rapidly upon us, Jay baited his hook with the last two worms and cast his line outward over the small lake as far as he could.

I glanced at my wristwatch. It was 20 minutes past 8. Only 10 minutes were left, and at the end of that time we would have to leave the lake, catch or no catch.

If I had been counting the seconds, I would have reached 10 or 12 when Jay yelled at the top of his voice. I could see his line tighten and in that moment all the accumulated disappointment of two days vanished forever. Jay yelled again and pulled against a powerful tagging. The line stretched tautly, and then a silvery

streak, breaking the still, dark water, flashed before our eyes. While Jay reeled his line, I reached down and pulled the struggling trout to the lake bank. The fish looked as if it weighed at least three-quarters of a pound, possibly more.

"I caught it, Papa!" Jay shouted excitedly when we had the fish safely beyond the reach of water. "I caught it all by myself, didn't I, Papa!"

"You sure did, son," I said proudly. "And I'm your witness."

"Are we going to eat it for dinner—just like the man at Trout Inn?"

"We sure are—just as soon as we can get to Manitou Springs and find a restaurant to cook it."

"That'll be almost as good as cooking it ourselves in a cabin at Deckers, won't it?"

"Almost. But the next time we go fishing we'll cook our own, and with you along I don't think we'll have to worry about being able to catch plenty of fish the next time, either."

"When can we go fishing again?" he asked. "Real soon!"

"We'll talk about that tonight while you're eating that trout you caught. Let's hurry to Manitou Springs now. I'm hungry."

"Me too!" he said, proudly carrying his trout to the car.

END



19TH HOLE

The readers take over

TRACK: THE DISTANCE MYTH

Sirs:

In regard to Tex Maule's remark about U.S. distance runners (SI, June 30)—"We may never break the European monopoly on the distance races, since these have little appeal to American athletes"—may I point out the following facts? Since the U.S. athletes' lag in distance running was made only too plain by Zatopek and Company in the 1948 Olympic Games, Americans have:

1) Come out for high school cross-country in ever-increasing numbers, until now 32 states (including over 85% of the nation's population) now hold state or regional cross-country championships.

2) Broken the following U.S. national and/or national collegiate distance records: 1,500 meters, one mile, 2,000 meters, 3,000-meter steeplechase, 2 miles, 3 miles, 5,000 meters, 6 miles, 10,000 meters, 21-mile distance medley relay, four-man 6,000-meter relay and four-man 4-mile relay.

3) Broken all official interscholastic distance records plus the unofficial 2 miles and medley relays.

It is time the myth that Americans do not like distance races be exploded.

NORMAN C. LUBMAN

Redondo Beach, Calif.

L.A.: PAX VOBISCUM

Sirs:

Seeing James Murray's article *Coining Gold in the Coliseum* (SI, June 30), I was prepared for another threeline blast at Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers, Los Angeles, and its inhabitants. I was very pleasantly surprised, however, when I read what seemed to be the first article about us that wasn't fit to be thrown into the wastebasket.

Los Angeles is truly the greatest sports center in the world. Our citizens patronize every type of sport offered them. Our fans have the most spirit. You can't realize how much fun it is going out to the Coliseum and yelling "Chu-a-ge" every time the USC Charge Song is played as the Dodgers come to bat. Our fans are the friendliest, too. We have a hall at the Coliseum.

I love baseball, and I resent it very much when you Easterners accuse us of not knowing our baseball. We have a baseball tradition stretching back to the 19th century. Our minor league teams were great. When the L.A. Angels played the Hollywood Stars the crowds really came out.

That the Dodgers are not doing very well doesn't bother me very much. I don't think any of us can point to one cause for their poor play. The big move west, the

continued



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FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

For everything from beach hats to brier pipes, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand.

Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must taste it.

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SPALDING
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19TH HOLE continued

field, the screen are all responsible. The Dodgers will come out of it—if not this year, then next.

My reasons for going out to watch them play include the players. They are really nice. On Camera Day they were extremely obliging before and after the game. It's a pleasure to go out and watch such a friendly group of players and to listen to the games via radio, especially now that Vin Scully and Jerry Doggett have got the "Calderon bug."

It is my hope that this article will be the first of many. It is just awful that every eastern magazine has nothing but bitter words for us. They should turn these bitter words to their own city, where, I hear, the Yankees are suffering a large attendance decrease. They can come out here if they like. There's plenty of room.

IRVING ESQUEVEL

Rosemead, Calif.

• But surely the charming new Dodger fan must know that this "eastern" magazine's writers heralded the move to California with the headline: BASEBALL GOES NATIONAL. She should also know that her big league sisters and brothers in San Francisco have not raised the cry of sectionalism.—ED.

TENNIS: MIXED DOUBLES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your splendid article on mixed doubles (SI, June 30), but your cover has me "mixed" up!

If there has been a change in the layout of the court, I think the USLTA should be notified immediately.

The service line of the right court of the server should only extend to the single sideline. Yes? No?

Let's have more of these good articles on tennis.

SANDY HUTCHISON

Boston

• Yes.—ED.

Sirs:

I enjoyed Bill Talbert's article, but I don't think the discussion started from the correct premise: that mixed doubles is usually an agonizing game for the man.

P. R. BRAY

Kenora, Ont.

HOW TO SET A SPINNAKER

Sirs:

Your two-page picture of the Bermuda Race (SI, June 28) showed the British cutter *Uconic* with spinnaker outstretched and one of the crew being hoisted into the air by the halyard. Immediately after this picture was taken, I followed Bob Sydenham, the crewman being hoisted, and the two of us found ourselves swinging wildly for over half a minute. By this time the spinnaker was out another six feet and Sydenham was level with the lower spreader.

Fortunately, one of the cockpit hands came forward and about half a minute later the whole ensemble was winched

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back on the deck. It might be interesting to add that the spinnaker did not break; otherwise two of us would have been swimming. Soon after this picture was taken UConn pulled away from the pack and led classes C and D home on elapsed time to win the Argentine Trophy.

WARREN A. BROWN

Hamilton, Bermuda
MURPHY AT LE MANS

Sirs:
You may say that Phil Hill was the only American ever to be the winning driver at Le Mans (E & D, June 30). If you would look up the records of the 1921 race the winning driver would be listed as James Murphy. Mr. Murphy is an American, the first to win at Le Mans. Another interesting fact is that he was driving an American car, the only one ever to win at Le Mans. The car was a Duesenberg.

DAVID WEINER

Englewood, N.J.

● The Le Mans 24-hour endurance trial for sports cars began in 1923. Previous to that, an event known as the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France was run at Le Mans under a 3-liter formula for Grand Prix cars. James Murphy won over 15 other entries (most of them Ballot, Duesenberg, Fiat and Mathis makes), setting a record lap speed of 84 mph. The next year Murphy took his Duesenberg (with a new Miller engine) to Indianapolis and won the "500."—ED.

NOTEBOOK: GOOD WILL

Sirs:
Jimmy Jemall's *NOTEBOOK* of June 23 asked the question, "Do international sports always promote international good will?"

I expect he realized that when he included the word "always" in the question he loaded it in favor of a negative answer. Even so, it is pleasing to note that the bulk of the replies endorsed international sports exchanges and acknowledged their contribution to international good will.

It is essential to the success of our own efforts that we keep abreast of what is being done in the field of international sports. The reports gratefully mention the mutual understanding and friendship which result from an international sports meet. The following sentences from one such report from Prague are about as well phrased as any which have come to our attention:

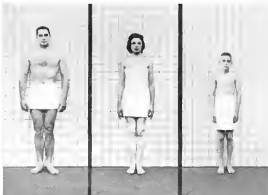
"None of us are skilled in diplomatic observations; we're just six Americans who went to do a job and feel that we actually performed two jobs: we won the tournament, and we won hundreds of new friends. We worked harder at making friends than we did at shooting, and are not sorry" (from *The Archer's Magazine*, September 1957).

EDWARD P. F. EGMAN

Chairman, People-to-People Sports Committee, Inc.
New York City

ANTHROPOLOGY

wrote the first rule of golf



Boiled down, the rule is this: a fellow beefy enough to play tiddlywinks with manhole covers can't play good golf with clubs designed for his 98-pound wife. And vice versa.

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JOHN R. INGLIS

'It's been a long and joyful life'

Before the turn of the century, at the old Apawamus nine-hole links in Rye, N.Y., a member stuck a golf club in his caddie's hand and told him to hang on to it. For the last 60 years, with lasting and heart-warming success, John Inglis has done just that.

This week J.R. celebrates his 50th year as head professional at the Fairview Country Club in Elmsford, N.Y. (and his 31st as president of the Metropolitan PGA). On hand to celebrate with him by playing in an invitational tournament will be some of J.R.'s talented pupils, a roster that includes former Open Champions Tony Matterno and Johnny Farrell and five of the seven Turnesa brothers. The Tur-

nesas, a local family, learned their golf from J.R. as caddie, caddie master and assistant pro. Brother Willis, the only amateur, has won the U.S. and British amateur championships. Brother Jim was the PGA champion in 1952. Father Turnesa served for 35 years as head greenkeeper.

J.R. delights in teaching. He is pleased that he has developed great professionals and proud that more than 8,000 men and women started golf under his wing, including several generations of youngsters who each week follow the old master down the fairways while he expounds to them the fundamentals and niceties of the game he has loved for six decades.

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